THE PORT FOLIO,

NEW SERIES,

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty may be indulg'd.

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BIOGRAPHY——FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

WILLIAM BRADFORD, an American lawyer of eminence, was born in Philadelphia, September 14th, 1755, and was placed early under the particular care of a very respectable and worthy clergyman a few miles from this city, from whom he received the rudiments of an education which was afterwards improved to the greatest advantage, and under the tuition of this excellent preceptor he remained, with little interruption, until he was fit to enter college. It was at this time that his father had formed a plan of keeping him at home, and of bringing him up in the insurance office which he then conducted, but so strong was the love of learning implanted in the young mind of his son, that neither persuasion, nor offers of pecuniary advantage, could prevail with him to abandon the hopes of a liberal education, and he voluntarily offered to resign every expectation of the former from his father to obtain the advantages of the latter, by a regular course of studies. Accordingly in the Spring of 1769, he was sent to Princeton, and entered the college of Nassau Hall, then under the direction of the late learned and pious Dr. John Witherspoon, where he continued with great benefit to himself till the fall of 1772, when he received the honours of the college by a degree of bachelor of arts, and in 1775 that of A. M. During his residence at this seminary he was greatly beloved by his fellow students, while he confirmed the expectations of his friends and the faculty of the college by giving repeated evidence of genius and taste, and at the public commencement had one of the highest honours of the class conferred upon him.

He continued at Princeton till the year following, during which time an opportunity was afforded him of attending Dr. Witherspoon's excellent lectures on theology; and, from this useful teacher he recei-

ved much information and general knowledge; after which he returned to the scenes of his youth, and spent several months under the instruction of his first reverend preceptor, who strove to prepare him for future usefulness by his piety, experience, and knowledge of the world.

Thus fitted for active life, after consulting his own inclinations, and the advice of his friends, he fixed on the study of the law, which he commenced under the late honourable Edward Shippen, esq. then one of the council of the supreme court of Pennsylvania, and late chief justice of this state, where he prosecuted his studies with his usual diligence and unwearied application.

In the Spring of 1776 he was called upon, by the peculiar circumstances of the times, to exert himself in defence of the dearest rights of human nature, and to join the standard of his country, in opposition to the oppressive exactions of Britain. When the militia were called out to form the flying camp, he was chosen major of brigade to general Roberdeau, and on the expiration of his term accepted a company in colonel Hampton's regular troops, where he was soon promoted to the station of deputy muster master general, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel, in which office he continued about two years, till his want of health, being of a delicate constitution, obliged him to resign his commission and return home. He now recommenced the study of the law, and in 1749 was admitted to the bar of the supreme court of Pennsylvania, where his rising character soon introduced him into an unusual share of business; and, in August 1780, only one year after he was licensed, by the recommendations of the bar, and the particular attention of his late excellency Joseph Reed, esq. then president of the state, he was appointed attorney general of the state of Pennsylvania.

In 1784 he married the daughter of Elias Boudinot of New-Jersey, counsellor at law, with whom he lived till his death in the exercise of every domestic virtue that could adorn human nature. On the reformation of the courts of justice under the new constitution of Pennsylvania, he was solicited to accept the honourable office of one of the judges of the supreme court, which, with much hesitation, he accepted, and was commissioned by his excellency governor Mifflin, August 22, 1791.

His indefatigable industry, unshaken integrity, and correct judgment, enabled him to give general satisfaction in this office, as well to the suitors as at the bar. Here he had determined to spend a considerable part of his life ; but, on the attorney general of the United States being promoted to the office of secretary of state, Mr. Bradford was urged, by various public considerations, to yield to the pressure of the occasion, and accept of that office. He accordingly resigned his judge's commission and was appointed attorney general of the United States on the 28th day of January 1794. This office he held till his death,

when he was found at his post, in the midst of great usefulness, possessing, in a high degree, the confidence of the country.

Mr. Bradford's temper was mild and amiable; his manners were genteel, unassuming, modest, and conciliating. As a public speaker, his eloquence was soft, persuasive, nervous, and convincing. He understood mankind well, and knew how to place his arguments and his reasonings in the most striking point of light. His language was pure, sententious, and pleasing; and he so managed most of his forensic disputes, as scarcely ever to displease his opponents; while he gave the utmost satisfaction to his clients. His close application to the law, and the litigation of the bar, did not prevent him altogether from indulging now and then his fondness for poetry; his taste and talents for which were above the common standard, and several pieces of his composition have been published. In 1793 he published "An Inquiry how far the punishment of death is necessary in Pennsylvania." This was written at the request of his excellency governor Mifflin, and intended for the use of the legislature, in the nature of a report; they having the subject at large under their consideration. This performance justly gained him great credit, and its happy effects are manifested wherever it has been read with attention, especially in the reformation of the penal codes of several states in the Union, where the interests of humanity have, at last, prevailed over ancient and inveterate prejudices.

Mr. Bradford possessed great firmness of opinion, yet was as remarkable for his modesty and caution in delivering his sentiments. With an excellent judgment, and a quick and retentive memory, he enjoyed great equanimity of temper, was serious and steady in his general conduct, and richly endowed with genius. Of amiable deportment, and pleasing as well as instructing in conversation, he had the happy art of conciliating the affection and respect of all who knew him. He was a patriot on principle. He loved his country with the sincerest affection, and preferred her interests to every other consideration; and in a particular manner respected the general liberties of mankind at large, in all his actions. His charities were secret, but general; and none in distress were ever known to leave him with discontent. His friendships were few, but very sincere; and those who aided him in his first setting out in life, were never forgotten by him; and what added to all his other virtues, and gave a polish to all his actions, was his firm belief in the Christian system, produced by a thorough examination, and full conviction of its divine original, by the incomparable rules of which he regulated his whole conduct, and founded all his hopes of future bliss.*

* In a conversation with a friend, during a remission of his fever, a few evenings before he died, he expressed his belief in the doctrines of the gospel in very strong terms.

His death was occasioned by a severe attack of the bilious fever. He died on the 23d day of August, 1795, in the 40th year of his age, and was, according to his express desire, buried by the side of his parents in the burial ground belonging to the second Presbyterian church in Philadelphia.

A CHARGE, &c.

(*Concluded from page* 97.)

THE next branch of character which I shall recommend to you, is that of the Gentleman. Correctness of external deportment and urbanity of manners always conciliate respect, and command admiration. Though the acquisition of knowledge will render a man useful and valuable in society, yet it is the polish of politeness, and the captivating influence of good breeding, that charms the imagination and rules the heart.

"Knowledge," says one of the most erudite scholars and finished gentlemen of the present age, "knowledge gives weight, but accomplishments only give lustre; and there are many more people who see, than who weigh." And though the cultivation of the graces must, in no respect, supersede that of the sciences, yet are the former essentially necessary in the formation of a correct and well-informed character.

Nor are the qualifications requisite to justify the appellation of Gentleman confined to personal appearance and address: they apply with equal force to the faculties of the mind and the affections of the heart. Urbanity implies more than a polished exterior. A true gentleman, at the same time that he observes all the "small, sweet courtesies of life," and excites admiration by the ease and elegance of his manners, must charm by the liberality of his sentiments, the mildness of his expressions, and the benevolence of his wishes. His modesty of demeanour will be equally opposed to arrogance and presumption, as to impertinent rudeness and awkward bashfulness. At the same time that his ease and selfcommand will lead him to accommodate himself to the company he may be in, his affability and good humour will induce his associates to admire, and compel them to esteem him.

To produce this polish, and acquire this eclat, much observation, care, and exertion are to be used. He who aspires to the character of a real gentleman must expand his mind and enlarge his views, by con-

templating the principles, habits, and manners of different nations; and must give dignity to his form, by acquiring all the fashionable ornaments of a polite education, and making himself acquainted with all the bodily exercises which invigorate the system, and gives ease and gracefulness to the carriage.

The first accomplishment which is considered as essentially necessary in the formation of a gentleman, and which is generally taught at an early period of life, is the art of Dancing. This elegant and exhilarating exercise, at the same time that it imparts health and vivacity, gives an unrestrained and graceful air in the motion of the limbs, an ease and dignity in the attitude of the body, and an impressive refinement of manner, which can be exhibited only by those who have learned

> "In the smooth dance to move with graceful mien,
> "Easy with care, and spritely though serene."—*Jenyns.*

Skill in the art of Fencing, or the adroit management of the small sword, is a branch of polite education, which every gentleman should wish to acquire, not only as a means of defence against insult or injury, but also on account of that general ease of movement and gracefulness of carriage, which its exercise is peculiarly calculated to communicate. Let the actual use, however, of his dangerous weapon be altogether confined to the repelling of personal assault; but never, under *any provocation*, deliberately exercised in the savage, the impious, the murderous practice of duelling.

Horsemanship, or as it is now more correctly and technically denominated, the science of Equitation, is another useful and polite accomplishment, equally conducive to health, and, by the exercise of the muscles and limbs, to an elegant and dignified deportment of the body.

As the gentleman should evince his good sense and good breeding, by performing every thing he undertakes, however trivial, in the best manner possible, so common, so universal an exercise as that of riding should certainly not be performed in a careless or unskilful way, but according to the strictest rules of art. The polish of instruction and the judgment acquired by assiduous, previous attention, will be as evident in the mounting and management of a horse, as in the entrance of a room, or the subsequent behaviour in a polite and wellbred company. The late establishment of a riding school in this city, under the direction of a skilful and experienced master of the art, offers to you the acquisition of this useful and elegant accomplishment, in a very superior style.

Drawing, whether by copy or original design, is not only a useful, but highly ornamental qualification; a source not only of individual amusement, but often of pleasure and real benefit to others, and equally an accomplishment to the gentleman, and a means of emolument to the artist.

The ability to represent with accuracy upon paper a fine building, a lovely landscape, or even a beautiful flower, is certainly no mean attainment, and well deserves your attention as a necessary item in a liberal education.

An acquaintaince with the theory of Musick, and the application of its principles to some instrument, which combines gracefulness of attitude in the performer, with agreeableness of sound, constitutes another qualification in the character of a gentleman; who should acquire and exercise the art only so far as to constitute him an amateur, possessed of sufficient taste and judgment to distinguish between a correct and expressive, and a false and feeble style of composition and of execution. The same degree of attention should be given to the principles of all of what are called the Polite Arts. To these acquirements the true gentleman will always add the most undeviating observance of pure and polished Diction in the communication of his sentiments, sedulously avoiding the introduction of quaint and proverbial sayings, of profane or indecent expressions, or of any other species of vulgarism; evincing, by the elegance of his language, the cultivation and refinement of his mind.

A similar degree of propriety will always prevail, with respect to Dress; a correct and polished character being as clearly marked thereby, as in the acquisition of accomplishments, or the communication of thought. In the habiliments of a gentleman, the extravagance of fashion, the frippery of ornament, and the vulgarity of negligence are equally avoided. A plain yet elegant attire, composed of the best materials, not only displays true taste, but sound understanding; as, on the contrary, a studious attention to personal decoration is infallibly indicative of a weak and a frivolous mind, while the opposite extreme of slovenliness as forcibly portrays a debased and corrupted one. These are the leading and essential characteristics of the real Gentleman. The minor, though not less necessary accomplishments, which tend to form that character, and enable a man

—— "With pleasing dignity to shine,
"At once the guardian, ornament, and joy,
"Of polish'd life!"

must be acquired by an habitual intercourse with polite, wellbred, and well-informed characters, particularly with virtuous, amiable, and ac-

complished Females, those sweetners of human existence, those inspirers of gentleness, modesty, and elegant politeness, who constitute the most polished portion of the great Creator's works, being endowed with faculties peculiarly calculated to exalt, to refine, and embellish society, the mildness of whose manners soothes and softens the natural asperity of our sex; the purity of whose sentiments gives stability to virtue, and the delicacy of whose sensibility heightens, at the same time that it improves, the innocent pleasures which exhilarate, prolong, and tranquilize human life:

—— "For beauty is their own,
"The feeling heart, simplicity of life,
"And elegance and taste."—*Thomson's Summer.*

But though the knowledge of a Johnson, the acuteness and eloquence of a Burke, and the polish and precision of a Chesterfield, were united in harmonious and brilliant assemblage to charm, to astonish, and to meliorate mankind, they would in the "balance of the Sanctuary," that infallible and inevitable criterion of true merit, appear as "trifles light as air," in relation to that final and awful scrutiny, which every individual of the human race must experience, and on which his happiness or misery in the world of spirits will depend; the former qualifications, meritorious as they are with respect to our intercourse in this world, will be held in no estimation by our Almighty Judge, unless accompanied and sanctified by the power of true religion: for, to adopt the expressive language of St. Paul, "though we could speak with the tongues of men and of angels," and have not been purified by religion, by penitence, and prayer, we are "as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal." "And though we have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries and all knowledge, and have all faith" and power, "so that we could remove mountains," and have not vital active piety, ruling in the heart, elevating the affections, and directing the passions, "we are nothing" in the sight of a holy and omniscient God; but "shall certainly come into condemnation," for having confined our time and talents to the pursuit of worldly principles and objects, and thereby forgotten and neglected our great spiritual interests.

Be assured, therefore, my young friends, that though the Scholar may dignify the human character by his literary acquisitions, and the Gentleman adorn it by his various accomplishments, yet, that

"A Christian is the highest style of man."—*Young.*

The union of these, constituting the highest possible perfection to which humanity is capable of arriving. By Religion, I mean the union of piety and morality; that Christianity which is inspired by the Holy Spirit,

and brings forth the fruits of the Spirit in an amiable, useful, and devout life; leading us to discharge not only the duties to our neighbour and ourselves, the personal, relative, and social duties, but the sublime and infinitely important duties which we owe to God also. Let then the solemn and unquestionable truth be ever active in your minds, that there can be no profession, however useful and dignified; no station, however elevated and advantageous, or depressed and obscure, from the sceptered monarch, who sits upon a throne, to the forlorn and miserable mendicant, who sighs upon a dunghill, to whom a preparation for eternity, awful, boundless, inevitable eternity! is not "the one thing needful."

You are rational and consequently accountable beings, placed in the vast scale of creation "but a little lower than the angels," and endowed with faculties and information capable of elevating you to their blissful state: your time of trial is mercifully limited to a few swiftly fleeting years. To forego, therefore, by negligence, or forfeit, by profligacy, so bright, so glorious, so inestimable an inheritance, would not only indicate a total obscuration of reason, an extinction of self-love, but unquestionably merit, for the rejection of so invaluable a privilege the severest and most exemplary punishment. And such, we have the assurance of an infinitely just, though merciful Creator, will be inflicted, when the period of probation shall be closed.

On the sacred page of the last divine revelation of the will of God to man, it is emphatically inscribed, "He who knoweth his Lord's will, and doeth it not, shall be beaten with many stripes"—"Not every one who saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he who doeth the will of my Father who is in heaven." To that divine revelation contained in the New Testament I refer you, for an ample delineation of the duties, the virtues, the temporal advantages, and the eternal rewards attached to the Christian character. "Search the Scriptures, for they are the words of eternal life." You will find them an inexhaustible source of spiritual consolation; you will, moreover, be taught by them, that the duties incumbent upon a disciple of Jesus Christ, though of indispensable obligation, are mild in their requisitions, and salutary in their operation; that "his yoke is easy, and his burden light." These duties may be resolved into two general heads, viz. the moral obligations which relate to our intercourse with our fellow men; and those which we owe to God in the cultivation and exercise of devout affections. By the discharge of the former, your happiness and comfort and that of others in this world will be promoted; by the latter your sentiments will be expanded, your passions restrained, your hearts purified, and your desires elevated above the transitory ob-

jects of sense, to a refined, sublime, and animating intercourse with your great Creator.

The two great temporal advantages which result from this divine system are, 1st, the consolation which it administers to the mind writhing under the pressure of adversity and affliction; and, 2dly, the exhilaration which it communicates to the enjoyment of prosperity.

Under the various ills which await the feeble race of man,

> " Labour and penury, the racks of pain,
> " Disease, and Sorrow's weeping train,"—*Gray.*

the world has little comfort to bestow; but Christianity soothes his sorrows and mitigates his misfortunes; by teaching him that this world is, as the Mosaic law was to the Jews, " a schoolmaster to bring him to Christ," that great physician of souls, the invigorating balm of whose blessed gospel heals the wounds which have been inflicted by sorrow or by sin. It discloses to him the grand design of Providence to effect the purification of his spiritual nature, by the agency of disappointment, misfortune, and disease; thereby convincing him of the instability of all earthly objects, and their insufficiency to procure permanent happiness; and thence directing his views and desires to the pursuit of those objects and the practice of those precepts which assuredly terminate in perfect and eternal felicity, when his period of probation shall be closed, the fetters of mortality unloosed, and " the spirit shall return to God who gave it," to answer for " the deeds done in the body."

As Christianity communicates consolation to the afflicted, so it heightens the enjoyment of the prosperous. The consciousness of duties discharged, the animating hope of reward for the due employment of the talents intrusted, the exercise of every faculty, and the direction of every action with reference to a future state of being;—in short, the rendering of human life a uniform preparation for eternity, gives a zest to the possession of earthly blessings, which the sordid, the selfish, and the worldly-minded man is incapable of feeling. Pursue, therefore, as the chief good, the objects, the interests, and the dictates of Christianity: cherish and improve the principles you have been here taught by your respective Catechisms: be ever on your guard against the unbridled operations of your passions, justly denominated, when unrestrained, " the vultures of the human mind." Directed by the light of sound reason to proper objects, and regulated by the obligations of true religion, the passions are wisely and mercifully intended to be the sources of happiness and consolation during our pilgrimage through this world; but, blindly followed in the enjoyment of sensual gratifications, they are armed with scorpion stings, and, like the fabled syrens of old, allure with flattering smiles and then devour. Happy is that man

" Who keeps his tempered mind serene and pure,
" And every passion aptly harmoniz'd,
" Amid a jarring world with vice inflam'd."—*Thomson.*

Consider the high degree of merit which will result from so early a devotion of yourselves to the service of your great Creator and bountiful Benefactor. Consider also, that our degree of happiness in the world to come, will unquestionably depend upon the degree and duration of our faithful services here.

To promote this habitual regard for religion, carefully and regularly attend to those external observances which have a powerful tendency to cherish it; particularly the weekly celebration of Public Worship, and the daily sacrifice of prayer and praise.

Thus as you grow in age will you grow in grace, and consequently in favour both with God and man.

With respect to your general deportment, I earnestly recommend that mildness of address, that suavity of manners, and that uniform courtesy of conduct, which, as with magic influence, arrests the attention and wins the esteem of all. " Hail," said a celebrated sentimentalist, " hail! ye small sweet courtesies of life; for smooth do ye make the road of it!" Be therefore gentle; be affable; be unassuming; respectful to your superiors, condescending to your inferiors; affectionate, attentive, and polite to all. Let your intercourse with society be distinguished by ease and elegance of demeanor; by the strictest observance of punctuality in every engagement even of the most trivial nature; by the minutest and most inviolable regard to truth in every assertion, every representation. Avoid idleness as the bane of virtue, the destruction of character and the palsy of the mind. Avoid also, with the most scrupulous and determined resolution, the society of those who either think or speak irreverently of religion, or who indulge themselves in any practices inconsistent with pure morality; for man is an imitative animal, and wonderfully prone to follow those examples which coincide with the impulse of his passions, or are recommended by the habits of those whom he esteems, or with whom he familiarly associates.

Ever bear in mind the high privilege you enjoy, and the inestimable treasure you possess, in being favoured with the spiritual light of the gospel of Jesus Christ, and permitted to contemplate and obtain its precious promises. On all occasions, boldly avow your attachment to, and confidence in that divine system of faith and morals contained in the Holy Scriptures; nor at any time suffer the scoffs of infidelity, the sneers of the profligate, or the sarcasms of the proud, to pass unnoticed, unreproved. Your open profession of Christianity, and undaunted defence of your faith, regardless of ridicule, remonstrance, or reproach, will

give a degree of solidity and dignity to your characters, which will eventually command the admiration and respect of the profane, and the approbation and affection of the pious and the wise. "Distinguished merit," says an eloquent modern writer, "will ever rise superior to oppression, and will draw lustre from reproach; the vapours which gather round the rising sun, and follow it in its course, seldom fail at the close of it, to form a magnificent theatre for its reception; and to invest, with variegated tints, and with a softened effulgence, the Luminary which they cannot hide."

Cultivate, as much as possible, the company of your superiors in age, in learning, and accomplishments; from an attentive observance of whom you will inevitably acquire knowledge, anticipate experience, liberalize your sentiments, and improve your manners. "Stand," says Solomon, addressing himself to the young man, "stand in the multitude of the elders, and cleave unto him that is wise. Be willing to hear every godly discourse, and let not the parables of understanding escape thee. And, if thou seest a man of understanding, get thee betimes unto him, and let thy foot wear the steps of his door."—Eccl. c. 6.

Beware of indulging loquacity, or a disposition to talk much upon all subjects. The advice was good which was given by one who had experienced the impropriety of inconsiderate communication. "Before you speak, always take out your words and look at them." Were this universally observed, how seldom would the harmony of social intercourse be interrupted! how many quarrels, how much alienation of affection would be thereby avoided!

In fine, regulate your conduct by this sententious maxim of the wisest of men, "Remember the end, and thou shalt never do amiss;" the correctness of which is authenticated by the assurance of divine revelation, that every thought, word and action shall be brought into judgment in the last great day of account, and direct the decision of our future state.

Inspired by your past deportment with the hope that these sentiments will be favourably received by you, and permitted to influence your conduct, I now, most affectionately, bid you farewell, and present you with the just reward of your studious and persevering industry, in that puplic attestation of merit, which this Institution annually bestows upon her diligent and approved pupils.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MEMOIRS OF HAYTI.——LETTER V.

The Cape, Island of Hayti, February 24, 1804.

PREVIOUS to the entertainment given by Lady Dessalines, there were several others, at which I was a guest, but none of them quite equalled hers in splendor and taste, though some of them were not far short of it. One of these was a *breakfast*, given by Monsieur L——, a Frenchman, in compliment to the governor's lady, another a *dinner*, given by general Christophe, and a third, a *supper*, by Felix Ferrier, the ordonnateur general. Christophe's table was set under a large saloon of canvas, erected purposely in the street, extending from one side of it to the other, and occupying about two hundred feet in length. There were about *one hundred and fifty* guests, among whom were the two French priests formerly mentioned. After the dinner a large balloon was let off for the amusement of the company, which ascended in a regular manner, and sailed off to such a height as to be lost to our view.

The *breakfast* was served in elegant style at the gentleman's country house, about a mile from town. All the *grand dignitaries* were there. Lady Dessalines rode out in an old-fashioned low chariot, with *three* horses abreast, others rode in gigs and chairs, and some on horseback. As the grandees did not find it convenient to come until *three* in the afternoon, we did not sit down to breakfast till that hour. As they approached the table the general's band struck up some delightful music, which in a measure allayed the passions of some of my countrymen, who having been invited at ten o'clock, and unaccustomed to style, had taken nothing to stay their appetites, and who had been for five hours swearing at the sable gentry for keeping them so long fasting. A mulatto lady, wife or mistress to *Reinet*, commandant of the place, a white man, appeared on this occasion, in a complete suit of man's clothes, and several other ladies rode on horseback in the position that men do, but with gowns over their pantaloons. These two odd, and to me, strange appearances, I afterwards found to be very common customs in this country.

Since my last we have experienced a woful change in our situation. The Cape, from being one of the most lively and cheerful places on earth, has become a melancholy spot, where nothing is to be seen but despondency and wretchedness. The governor's lady has left us, and with her, all the parties, balls, and theatrical amusements have vanished. Excuse me if I trouble you with another description similar

to the one in my last. I do it that you may see the refinement of taste among the Haytians, and the degraded state to which some of our species are capable of descending through a principle of adulation, and for the purpose of courting the favours of *the great.*

On the fifteenth of this month a *dinner* was given at the theatre, in honour of Lady Dessalines, who was next day to depart from town, by the merchants of the Cape. All the Americans were invited, and most of them attended. The nobility as usual, were present, as also the general's band of music, and a guard of soldiers. The table was laid in the horse-shoe form, with *one hundred and sixty-eight* covers, and *two hundred and forty* dishes and vessels containing eatables. Under each plate was placed a small paper containing the following words in print:

"*Première Inscription.*

Gaudete Cives,
Gaudet in medio virtus.

Deuxième Inscription.

Lorsque la bien aimée en ces lieux reviendra,
L'Allegresse entre nous aussitot paraitra.

Traduction de la première Inscription.

Citoyens, soyez transportès de joie, livrez vous à l'allegresse; La vertu veut bien se rèjouir parmi nous, et prendre part à nos plaisirs.

SEVIN."

The paper containing this *classical* bombast was signed by its author, as if he were determined that his learning and talents should not be lost, and after the cloth was removed, printed "Verses addressed to Madame Dessalines," were distributed among the company. Their author *Sans de Vertmont* then stationed himself behind the illustrious lady, and upon silence being commanded, read them aloud, and was highly applauded. This particular testimony of respect and praise, was highly gratifying to the refined feelings of the distinguished *fair one*, who perhaps had never been so handsomely extolled, and who no doubt thought every word of it dictated by sincerity and love. Christophe however was not to be so bamboozled; he listened attentively to the recitation, and after it was concluded, put on a kind of cunning smile, which as much as said to Sans de Vertmont, that all *that* would'nt *save* his head.

After this, a balloon, a species of *high-flying* compliment, was raised from the *place* in front of the theatre, but which unfortunately took fire before it had risen any considerable height. Fire-works and rockets were also displayed, after which the dancing commenced, and

continued with gayety and cheerfulness, until an unlucky accident occurred, which broke up the harmony of the company, and for a time suspended the entertainment. This was nothing more or less than the bench upon which Lady Dessalines and Madame Christophe with several other females of distinction were seated, giving way, which tumbled their ladyships sprawling on the floor. The music and dancing immediately ceased: the whole company was in confusion and uproar; "is she hurt!" resounded from all parts of the room; every countenance was overcast with sorrow and gloom; some ran this way with smelling bottles; some that way with water, whilst others hastened for physicians. White, yellow, brown and black, were equally distressed. In fine, it was one of the most laughable scenes to which I was ever witness, and was concluded by a loud *horse-laugh* from the governor's lady, indicating that she was not materially hurt.

Now the idea that the mere tumble of a stout, strapping negro wench should occasion so much anxiety and alarm in so large an assembly is truly ludicrous, and the contempt one would conceive towards a company who would so basely degrade themselves as to pretend uneasiness on account of it, may be easily imagined. Such will no doubt be *your* reflection, but here *we* think differently. It was the governor's lady who fell; the wife of a man on whose will depend the lives of thousands.

On the following morning as was expected, Lady Dessalines with her suite took her departure for Gonaives, where her husband then was, after a pleasant visit at the Cape of about two months. As the safety to strangers of travelling between distant parts of the Island, had not yet been ascertained, several Americans took advantage of this opportunity of going to the west, and went in the train of the governor's lady. As this is probably the last I shall see of this *respectable* female, I will give you some account of her.

Lady Dessalines is about the middle height for a woman, but a very thick clumsy person. She is of the very darkest black, and her face is rather handsome. Her disposition is said to be mild and gentle, and she is, take her all in all, a good woman. She has a strong prepossession in favour of white French-*men*, and has often saved the lives of poor wretches sentenced to death, by falling on her knees before her husband, and imploring his mercy. She is a Creole of Hispaniola, and appears to be of about five-and-thirty years of age. She is fond of riding on horseback, and is generally attended on her excursions by some of her friends, and a guard ot dragoons. At home she has a retinue of female attendants in the capacity of *maids of honour*.

A few days after the departure of Madame Dessalines, general Christophe removed from town with his family to his country residence *Grand Près*, about fifteen miles from the Cape. A number of gentlemen, Americans and others, waited upon him to pay their respects

to him on his leaving us, and verses addressed to him, written by the same author, and in the same style of flattery as those addressed to Lady Dessalines, were distributed through the town. I send you copies of both these pieces of poetry, that you may be able to form an exact judgment of the taste of the Haytians, as I am satisfied that no translation I could make, would come up to the *spirit* of the originals.

VERS

Adressés à Madame Dessalines.

Dans ces instans margués par la reconnaissance,
Qui pour votre mérite anime tous les cœurs,
J'écoute et receuille en silence,
Ce que sur vous chaque citoyen pense,
Et vois, avec plaisir, que parmi tant de fleurs,
Qu' à vous offrir chacun s'empresse et s'étudie,
Il n'en est pas que n'ait été cueillie
Par un pur mouvement de sensibilité,
De gratitude et de sincérité.

Aux vertus dont en vous éclate l'assemblage,
De notre part c'est un bien faible hommage;
Déja le Tout-Puissant vous en récompensa:
Au premier rang il vous plaça
Pour être parmi nous sa plus vivante image.
Faire le bien est votre seul plaisir;
Et pour votre ame ingénue et sensible,
Cette manière de jouir
Est un attrait irrésistible.
Lorsqu' à des dons si précieux
L'on trouve encore la beauté réunie,
Cet ensemble, à la fois, doux et majestueux,
Attire tous les cœurs et fait taire l'envie.

Pour moi qu'un doux penchant dès long-temps a porté
A reconnaitre et chérir le merite
Sous tels dehors qu'il me fut présenté;
Dans le transport qui m'occupe et m'agite,
Je suis complétement heureux;
Puisque chacun ici, partageant mon ivresse,
Se livre avec franchise au désir qui le presse
De vous faire agréer ses soins respectueux,
Et de former pour vous les plus sincères vœux.

VERS

Adressés ou Général Divisionnaire et Conseiller d'Etat, Henry Christophe, Commandant la Division du Nord.

Déja depuis long-temps dans les champs de Bellone,
Votre front s'est couvert de glorieux lauriers :
De l'éclat immortel que la victoire donne,
Votre nom parmi nous s'illustra des premiers.
Vivement entrâiné par cet élan sublime,
Qui, vers la liberté, dirige un noble cœur,
Vous avez embrassé sa cause légitime ;
Et tout en combattant, pour elle avec ardeur,
Vous vous êtes montré généreux, magnanime,
Quand les tyrans étaient dans la confusion.
La Renommée au loin depuis long-temps publie,
Ces titres imposans, qui, confondant l'envie,
Commandent le respect et l'admiration.
Mais ceux que vous avez à la reconnaissnce,
De tous les citoyens de ce départment,
Sont fondés sur le bien que votre main dispense,
Et pour vous n'en sont pas moins beaux, assurément.
En effet, ramener parmi nous l'abondance,
Ranimer dans les cœurs la douce confiance,
C'est s'ériger, je crois, le plus beau monument,
Comme le plus flatteur, comme le plus durable.
Dans ces bienfaits, versés sur nous à chaque instant,
D'une Epouse cherie, autant qu'elle est aimable,
Chacun se plait à voir le cœur compatissant.
Car de ce sexe aimé qui ne connait l'empire ?
C'est lui qui dans mes mains a remonté ma lyre,
Estimables Epoux, remplissez vos destins,
Assurez les beaux jours qui sur nous viennent luire,
En laissant le bonheur s'epancher de vos mains.
Enfin, transmettez-nous, par votre descendance,
Les vertus, les attraits, qui brillent à nos yeux.
Dès ce jour, dans nos cœurs ouverts à l'espérance,
Avec les sentiments les plus delicieux,
Nous élevons un Temple à la Reconnaissance.

LITERARY NOTICE——FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Reports of Cases, adjudged in the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania. By Horace Binney. Vol. 1. *pp.* 639. *Philadelphia, published by William P. Farrand, & Co.* 1809.

It affords great satisfaction to observe, that, in spite of the designs of malice and ignorance to destroy the fabric of our law, it still endures, and the jurisprudence of the country is gradually advancing in improvement. A system of attack, devoid of all scruple, has been pursued, and has seriously threatened to demolish the work of wisdom and time. How much is jeopardized by even an attempt to deprive a community of its permanent laws, cannot be stated: it can only be foreseen by the wise, and marked by the apprehensions of the virtuous.

Happily for the country, the work of devastation seems to linger; and our satisfaction at the progress of the enlightened is not wholly marred by the fear, that their labours for the common good are destined to terminate with the common ruin. Experiments are upon trial which sicken even their advocates and inventors; and a promise seems to be given, that the novelties of our projectors will end in a restoration of the blessings of law.

With these impressions, we have given an earnest welcome to the volume of Reports now to be noticed. Were our prospects as gloomy as they have been, we should peruse the work with a mixture of pleasure and chagrin; of pleasure, derived from its solid and instructive contents, and of chagrin from the belief, that the labour bestowed upon them was worse than lost. We are, however, yet blessed with the hope, that respect and authority will be attached to the decisions of our Court, and that faithful records of them will be preserved, to impart knowledge and establish uniformity.

The volume before us is introduced by a polite and courteous preface, calculated favourably to impress the reader. It informs us, that the design of noting the decisions had its origin, not with a view to publication, but principally for self-instruction; and occasions a regret, heightened by the perusal of the work, that the undertaking is not supported by legislative protection. In some of our sister States, the importance of this subject has been so appreciated, as to command, for the encouragement of the work, an endowment from the public purse; and the appointment of a Reporter has been, with propriety, placed with the Judges. We are justified in believing, that in Pennsylvania, no appointment would have insured us better capacity or greater fide-

lity; and we have only to regret, that the public patronage does not appropriate permanently such talents to so important a service.

Mr. Binney's Reports may, perhaps, be properly divided into two parts; the first of which consisting of about one third of the volume, commences with an important decision in the year 1799, and includes a number of valuable cases in the time of the late Chief Justice Shippen; the second including the rest of the volume embraces the decisions of the Court, in regular series, from the accession of the present Chief Justice early in 1806, to the close of the last March Term. The cases are all of them new to the public, excepting eight, of which but little more than the skeletons are published in the fourth volume of Mr. Dallas's Reports.

In attempting to attract attention to this work, by some analysis of its contents, and some exhibition of its characteristics, we are led to the following remarks.

The first duty of a Reporter is fidelity. It is his office and should be his aim, to present a just exhibition of the cause, in all its parts, in clear and intelligible language. The parts of the cause may be considered to be three;—the facts, the argument, and the decision. Our observations upon this work will be made, with a reference to this division of a cause.

The facts or circumstances of a cause, are usually presented by the pleadings, the case stated by counsel or the report of the Judge who has tried the cause. One would suppose, that when the sources of truth are so obvious, no error could arise; and yet from the sloth or ignorance of Reporters, great uncertainty and mistake have been occasioned, by inaccurate statements of the matter before the Judge. The extent and bearing of a decision can only be known by preserving its connexion with the precise matter decided on; because it is the duty and desire of every able and faithful judge, to confine himself as much as possible to the very point before him. The importance of a distinct and correct statement of facts is then apparent. In this branch of the cause, Mr. Binney merits praise as a Reporter. He well settles his case, and his reader is not retarded by obscurity, embarrassed by affected brevity, nor harassed by vexatious particularity. There is enough stated, and not too much. It is evident, that the Reporter has a clear understanding of his own case, and a happy faculty of communicating it with clearness and precision to his reader. In some few instances, where the facts are fully stated by the Reporter, they are again stated by the Court. The accuracy of the Reporter renders the repetition unnecessary, and the statement by the Judge might have been omitted without injustice to the Court or the cause.

The argument is next in order. It is a matter of some difficulty to settle the precise duty of a Reporter, in this part of a cause. It is the error of some to detail the argument too minutely, and of others to pass over it with little or no notice. It appears to us, that expediency and utility point to a middle course, from which the Reporter should be drawn only by the magnitude of the cause, and a display of uncommon learning and ability in the counsel. In every case, permitted to be argued by an enlightened Court, a faithful exhibition of the substance of the argument conduces to the sound understanding of the cause, and is particularly useful to the student and junior practitioner. On some great and important questions, the arguments of distinguished counsel assume the form, and have the semblance of the ancient readings, and are then deserving of faithful preservation. But it cannot be admitted to be right, to consume page after page, with the brief of an advocate travelling the beaten and familiar track of discussion. Mr. Binney has adopted, and generally adhered to, a plan, unquestionably good. He has condensed the argument, so as to present the points, the sum of the reasoning upon them, and the application of the authorities which are cited. He has not copied the briefs, nor set down formally the words of the counsel, but has presented the strength of the argument. In some instances, he has been allured to an extended view of the discussion at the Bar; but his justification is found in the novelty or importance of the cause. From examination, we are enabled to bear testimony to his fidelity, in having carefully referred to the authorities which are quoted, and seen their application. In short, he appears to us to merit the praise of having succeeded in distinguishing this part of his work, by method, condensation, and correctness.

The decision of the Court closes the cause. We observe, with pleasure, that, in all important questions, where the court is united in opinion, the decision is given by the Chief Justice, or in case of his absence, by the judge who presides at the argument. The opinions of the Court are reduced to writing, and are published by the Reporter as they are delivered. This practice is highly to be commended, as it results from it, that the Judge is careful and ambitious in the discharge of his duty, the Reporter is free from mistake and reproach, and the public are furnished with the decision as it is pronounced.

In Pennsylvania, the Supreme Court is now the court of the last resort, and its decisions are consequently the law of the State. We have witnessed with pleasure, that in some of our sister States, particularly in New-York and Massachusetts, a rapid improvement in jurisprudence is making, under the administration of able and learned judges. The volume before us gratifies our affection for our own State,

and kindles a degree of pride in her progress. It is evidently the ambition of our judges, to give system and stability to the law, by diligence of research, and a careful regard to precedent. That refuge of sloth and ignorance, to which the judge betakes himself, who claims to decide upon the particular circumstances and justice of the case before him, and binds every decision to its particular case, is the abhorrence of lawyers and the ruin of a State. This volume furnishes the proof, that our court has the disposition to explore, and the independence to decide.

It is not within the design of this notice, to attempt a criticism upon the opinions of the court. Were we disposed to doubt the correctness of a decision, we should distrust our own judgment, and forbear the expression of our doubts. In some few instances, ingenuity at the Bar and on the Bench may perplex us, but the adjudications, almost, if not wholly, without exception, have our decided assent. We may add, that so far as our information extends, the decisions have been received by professional readers, with favour and approbation.

It gratifies us to observe a prevailing harmony of sentiment on the Bench. A diversity of opinion, too frequently produced by pride of talents, or an attachment to singularity, is calculated to weaken the decisions of a court. A dissentient judge has, therefore, upon him a heavy responsibility, to be discharged only by perfect integrity, and the utmost care and reflexion. This volume sometimes presents to us a divided Court, but it cannot escape the notice of the reader that the present Chief Justice, whose learning and talents are an ornament to the Bench, is found, in every instance, so far as appears, with the majority, which decides the cause.

The opinions of the court are expressed in clear, perspicuous and comprehensive language. In all cases, where the court is united in sentiment, the decision is given by the Chief Justice, and is marked by an adherence to the points, and a freedom from blemishes. On the whole, it affords us great satisfaction to say, that the court is evidently progressing in a science, in which ambition is stimulated by the thought, that progress may always be made by the faithful.

It becomes us to notice the neatness and accuracy of the typographical execution of these Reports, which greatly deserve commendation. The pages are fair to the eye, and undefiled with errors. The praise of general excellence might, with propriety, be passed upon the works of the publishers; but they are receiving a more solid encomium, in the approbation and patronage of the public.

In the close of this notice, we are gratified to express our earnest commendation of the matter and manner of these Reports. They are

distinguished by the ability and fidelity of the Reporter, and are calculated to give fame to the court. The matter is various and important; the volume may be read with interest at home and abroad, and will be welcomed every where as an important addition to the stock of professional learning.

THE NATURALIST, NO. IV.——FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE NIGHT-HAWK AND WHIP-POOR-WILL OF THE UNITED STATES.

On the question, Are *these* one and the same bird; or are they really two distinct species? there has long been an opposition of sentiment, and many fruitless disputes. Numbers of sensible and observing people whose intelligence and long residence in the country entitle their opinion to respect, positively assert, that the night-hawk and the whip-poor-will are very different birds; and do not even associate together. The naturalists of Europe, however, have generally considered the two names as applicable to one and the same species; and this opinion has also been adopted by two of our most distinguished naturalists, Mr. William Bartram of Kingsessing,* and Professor Barton of Philadelphia.† The writer of this being determined to ascertain the truth, by examining for himself, took the following effectual mode of settling this disputed point, the particulars of which he now submits to those interested in the question.

Thirteen of those birds, usually called night-hawks, which dart about in the air like swallows, and sometimes descend with rapidity from a great height making a hollow sounding noise, like that produced by blowing into the bunghole of an empty hogshead, were shot, at different times and in different places, and accurately examined, both outwardly and by dissection. Nine of these were found to be males,

* *Caprimulgus Americanus*, Night Hawk, or Whip-poor-will, Travels, &c. p. 292.

† *Caprimulgus Virginianus*, Whip-poor-will, or Night Hawk. Fragments of the Natural History of Pennsylvania, p. 3. See also Amer. Phil. Trans. Vol. iv.

and four females. The former all corresponded in the markings and tints of their plumage; the latter also agreed in their marks, differing slightly from the males, though evidently of the same species. Two others were shot as they rose from the nests, or rather from the eggs, which in both cases were two in number, laid on the open ground. These also agreed in the markings of their plumage with the four preceding, and on dissection were found to be females. The eggs were also secured.

A whip-poor-will was shot, in the evening, while in the act of repeating his usual and well-known notes. This bird was found to be a male, differing in many remarkable particulars from all the former. Three others were shot at different times, during the day, in solitary and dark-shaded parts of the woods. Two of these were found to be females, one of which had been sitting on two eggs. The two females resembled each other almost exactly; the male also corresponded in its markings with the one first found; and all four were evidently of one species. The eggs differed greatly from the former, both in colour and marking. The differences between these two birds were as follows.

The sides of the mouth, in both sexes of the whip-poor-will, were beset with ranges of long and very strong bristles, extending more than half an inch beyond the point of the bill; both sexes of the night-hawk were entirely destitue of bristles. The bill of the whip-poor-will was also more than twice the length of that of the night-hawk. The long wing-quills of both sexes of the night-hawk were of a deep brownish black, with a large spot of white nearly in their middle; and when shut, the tips of the wings extended a little *beyond* the tail. The wing-quills of the whip-poor-will of both sexes were beautifully spotted with light brown, had no spot of white on them, and, when shut, the tips of the wings did not reach to the tip of the tail by at least *two inches.* The tail of the night-hawk was handsomely *forked*, the exterior feathers being the longest, shortening gradually to the middle ones; the tail of the whip-poor-will was *rounded*, the exterior feathers being the shortest, lengthening gradually to the middle ones.

After a careful examination of these and several other remarkable differences, it was impossible to withstand the conviction, that these birds belonged to two distinct species of the same genus, differing both in size, colours, manners, and conformation of parts.

A statement of the principal of these facts having been laid before Mr. Bartram, together with a male and female of each of the above-mentioned species, and also a male of the Great Virginian Bat, or *Chuck will's widow;* after a particular examination, that venerable naturalist was pleased to declare himself fully satisfied; adding, that

he had now no doubts of the night-hawk and whip-poor-will being two very distinct species of *Caprimulgus*.

It is not the intention of the writer of this to enter at present into a description of either the plumage, manners, migration or economy of those birds, the range of country they inhabit, or the superstitious notions entertained of them ; his only object, at present, is the correction of an error, which, from the respectablity of those by whom it was unwarily adopted, has been but too extensively disseminated, and received by too many as a truth.

W.

TRAVELS IN FRANCE——FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LETTER LXIX.

My accounts of the deaf and dumb has taken up so much room that I feel it necessary to be more concise for the future. After soliciting your attention so frequently, it would be wrong to abuse your patience, and yet if it were my object to give you an exact idea of Paris, and if I were equal to it, a great deal would remain to be said. My determination, from the first, was only to speak of what I saw, and then only when I imagined that the ideas which occurred to me might be, in some respects, different from what you might meet with in books of travels. The hospitals alone could furnish a subject for more than one letter. The poor nuns, who had devoted themselves by vows to attend at these last retreats of human misery, continued to do so during the revolution, notwithstanding the indignities they were exposed to, and the hardships they were made to undergo: they are the only persons of the sort who wear the habit of their order in public, and if it be a gratification to their honest pride to be so distinguished, they surely deserve it.

Independent of those who take refuge in hospitals, there is in Paris, as there always will be in all great towns, a number of poor not so reduced as to consent to the same wretched resource, and who yet stand in need of some assistance. For their relief there exists in every section a *conseil de bienfaisance*, who call upon the inhabitants for subscriptions, which are, however, entirely voluntary, and there are also small sums granted from time to time for that purpose by the government.

Convents are not known in law, but there is no legal impediment to any assemblage of persons who may choose to call themselves by a

certain name. A pious and wealthy lady has lately purchased the house and garden of the Carmes, where the massacre took place in 1793, and has assembled as many Carmelites as she could hear of; to these several young women and others advanced in life have joined themselves, and the community conforming to the regulations of the order as it once existed, pass their days here under the direction of their benefactress, in a state of voluntary seclusion. If any religious order of men be reestablished it will be that of the Jesuits, who have once or twice nearly attained their end. The emperor, who is not apt to be irresolute, has shown himself so upon this occasion. It is certain that the public education in France has suffered extremely since their order was abolished, and the events of the revolution have manifested that they were in the right, when they predicted a succession of evil consequences from the effects of what was called philosophy. D'Alembert himself, and even Voltaire would acknowledge as much if they were now alive.

I shall say nothing to you of the observatory, where I saw a very large telescope, made after the manner of Herschel's, of which you will find a good account in the Encyclopedia. There is a descent hence into the ancient quarries which extend under a part of the town, and of which the inhabitants are either ignorant or give themselves no trouble about, though different authors, and Mercier in particular, have endeavoured to excite their fears. The idea of an immense cavity under a populous part of the city has something terrible to the imagination, and there have been periods during the revolution when the conduct of this very part of Paris was so atrocious as to have merited that it had served as an instrument in the hands of Providence for their destruction. I might have visited several extensive libraries, but I could never conceive the inducement that led travellers to such places: it is a satisfaction, no doubt, to know that particular books exist, but that is more easily acquired by looking over a catalogue at home than in a public room, where one could hardly find time to examine the contents of a single shelf. I saw, but cannot recollect whereabout, in the Fauxbourg St. Germain, a collection of armour and of various weapons of offence, such as the mischievous ingenuity of man had been able to devise for some centuries past: there were also various models of pontons and flying bridges, and pieces of light artillery and mortars: the armour of Henry IV, and of Francis I, and an armed figure formed from an ancient representation of the celebrated maid of Orleans, and the sword of the great prince of Conde are to be seen here, and command a degree of veneration and respect, which will always accompany those illustrious names. The keepers showed us in the same room

the materials of a second infernal machine, which had been found upon some ingenious Italians; they wished to make it pass for a contrivance they meant to put in practice against the British fleet, but the government knew better. He showed us also some weapon, which had been taken upon George, and the pistols of Pichegru. It seems singular that these two names should be connected, but George had a mind far above the station in which fortune had placed him, and ought not, as I have before observed, to be confounded with an assassin. He declared upon his trial and in a manner which carried conviction to the mind of every one present, that if assassination had been his object, he might more than once have effected it; being a man of great personal strength he had for some time been employed to cleave wood for the use of the palace, and had worked as a labourer at Malmaison. He might here certainly have surprised the first consul at any time in the garden, and given a cruel interruption to some dream of future greatness, or of deep-laid vengeance: for hatred and vengeance divide that mind at the caprices of which all Europe, England and perhaps Russia excepted, is made to tremble. Upon being asked by the Judge, how he could answer to himself the having shot an officer in the execution of his duty, and when all resistance was useless, "I thought," replied George, "that I might possibly effect my escape, and I felt it perfectly justifiable to repel violence by force. But the poor man, as you say, was doing his duty, and I am sorry enough for him to wish that you had been in his place." Pichegru will be known to future ages as one of the greatest military characters of France, and is remembered with affection by all who were of his intimate acquaintance as a goodhumoured, cheerful man. What the extent of his plan was, can hardly now be ascertained, but it is said to have embraced half the republic in its ramifications. Providence, in permitting it to fail notwithstanding the fairest prospects of success, must have decided what was best, but every one must regret the fate of Pichegru, a great and gallant general, an amiable and kind-hearted man, strangled by a midnight murderer in his bed.

In the course of my acquaintance with a great variety of persons and of frequent conversation with those I have accidentally sat next to, I never found one who did not believe that Pichegru was murdered. You will wonder, perhaps, that such a subject should be canvassed under such a system of police; but there are moments when the public feeling bursts forth in a way not to be controlled.

"The flesh will quiver where you drive the knife,
"And sighs and tears by nature grow on pain."

The grand judge is said to have informed the first consul at the time of the duke d'Enghien's death, that if all were to be taken up, who spoke freely of that measure, the prisons of the republic would not contain them.

We visited what Kotzebue calls a great and capital collection of machines and models, where various implements of rural industry, ploughs, windmills, water machines, steam engines, and beehives, all very prettily done in miniature, and ranged along upon the different tables of several large halls, which were once in the occupation of the fathers of the oratory: there are models also of all the various machines of spinning and weaving wool or cotton, and a representation of the process of working up clay into porcelain, or leather into shoes with exact models of the tools used in these and twenty other trades and manufactories. Some collection of the sort, extending to the latest and most valuable inventions for saving labour might be of service, but it is hardly probable that any revolution, which can annihilate all knowledge of the various trades that supply us with the necessaries of life, would respect this collection of Lilliputian machinery, in forming which, the time of several ingenious artists has been egregiously thrown away. It put me in mind of the emperor of China's observation upon the models of various useful machines which made part of the presents carried to him by Lord Macartney's embassy, "I fancy," said the old monarch, "these pretty things were intended as presents for my great grandchildren;" and I should not be surprised if his imperial majesty of France took the hint and converted this great collection of models into a warehouse of toys for the amusement of the younger branches of his family.

We were much pleased with the panorama of Naples, which is the only one we saw. The spectator ascends an elevated seat in the centre of a large circular room, and looks down upon the representation of the city, as he might upon the city itself from the steeple of a church, and no illusion can be more complete. The city of Naples, the beautiful intermixture of land and water in the neighbourhood, crowds in the streets, vessels at anchor, or under sail, the extent of the Mediteranean as far as the sight could reach, and the distant island of Caprea seemed beneath us. It was superior to any thing I had conceived possible, and consoled me for my disappointment at the phantasmagorie, of which I had heard very exaggerated and confused accounts. We all know, that the apparent magnitude of an object, seen through a lens, increases or decreases as the eye or the object approaches or retires from the lens, and that the effect is the same when the shadow of the object is thrown upon a wall; the shadow becomes a giant or a dwarf, in proportion as you move the original or the lens (if you make use of

one) through which the rays pass. You must have seen proofs of this in the magic lantern, and if you could suppose a person on the opposite side of the sheet frequently made use of on these occasions, the shadows cast on it would appear to that person as the figures in one part of the exhibition of the phantasmagorie do to the spectator. He is placed in entire darkness, the reflection of the object on the curtain between him and the apparatus appears at first like a luminous point, it then becomes an owl, or an insect, or a death's head, and grows rapidly larger, and he, guided or rather misguided by experience, supposes the figure is approaching him, till he is almost tempted to brush it away with his hand. It then diminishes in the same manner. Another branch of the phantasmagorie has something in it more singular. Figures are made to appear in any part of the room, which is rendered as dark as possible, and to disappear the moment after. Sometimes they are likenesses of a universally well-known public character now no longer alive; but more frequently they are representations of Time, or Death, or of a Fury such as the poets describe them, or of some other strange figure calculated to alarm the imagination of the spectator. These being made to move along over the heads of the audience (who are earnestly requested not to stretch out their hands) are probably suspended from long and light poles like fishing-rods. How they are rendered luminous at pleasure I know not, but the whole appeared to me a very childish representation. I was, however, extremely pleased with an optical experiment made by means of a concave mirror, such as I had never before seen performed. The mirror being entirely concealed, a bunch of beautiful flowers appears, the spectator approaches and examines it at his leisure; but finds, when he tries to take it in his hand, that it is an airy vision and no more. An image can thus be formed in the air, and extension and form become objects of sense where there exists neither solidity nor sensible resistance, and we may conceive how with a little air of mystery and a few hard words, a man might give himself the air of a conjuror in a country village.

We will now, as we have been so long speaking of Paris, make an excursion to Versailles, and it will be, unfortunately, almost the only excursion I shall be able to give you an account of, for the weather has been almost continually bad. The road leads through the Bois de Boulogne, which affords the inhabitants of Paris a delightful variety, and particularly in Summer, and of a Sunday's afternoon, when the tradespeople and little shopkeepers of the city, with their families, intermixed with the peasantry of the neighbourhood, may be seen strolling in every part of the wood, and dancing on some lawn, or under a shade, or collected in groups before the doors of a public house. The opulent, who have splendid equipages, and the young men desirous of showing

themselves or their horses and curricles, may be seen taking the air here, and even the emperor sometimes condescends to enliven the scene by his presence. A deer is turned loose upon those occasions the night before, and his majesty, after keeping his attendants for hours in the palace yard, and hundreds of hungry Parisians in momentary expectation of catching a look at him, condescends, for an hour or two, to put on the semblance of amusement, and as he moves to his carriage, or as it hurries him along, he bows, and puts on what he means should be a smile, but it extends only to the distortion of his mouth, and to the showing of his teeth, which are singularly white. At a very short distance from Paris we passed below the hill on which stand the villages of Antenil and of Passy; the first was to the celebrated Despeaux what Twickenham was to Pope, and Passy commands the attention of every American as having been, for some years, the residence of Dr. Franklin: I had once, though but for a short time, the pleasure of cultivating the acquaintance of Dr. Franklin, and have played at chess with him. He was extremely fond of the game, and entered into all the spirit of it; pleased, no doubt, at being able to give way for a moment, like other people, to the sensations of hope and fear, to feelings which, in the weightier concerns of life, he very carefully concealed the operations of. He was, at the period I allude to, retired from all public cares but the government of Pennsylvania, and was gliding cheerfully and almost gayly into the vale of years. You have heard of his discoveries in electricity and have read his memoirs. It is to be regretted that these last were not brought down to the more interesting periods of his life, to events on which the fate of nations depended, and in the direction of which it was the lot of this distinguished countryman of ours, whose talents had elevated him from the humblest walks of life, to bear a conspicuous part. He might have told us, as he looked back upon the stormy ocean of British and American politics, how far he had been swayed by interest or ambition, how far a sense of injurious treatment and opprobrious language had influenced his conduct, and what was really in his mind and at the bottom of his heart during the whole of our revolutionary contest; a contest which he affected to deplore, and yet certainly promoted, and by arts not always justifiable even in the relaxed morality of a statesman. Considering him exclusively as an author we have, perhaps, rather exaggerated his merit, and have supposed him great because we ourselves were little; but he undoubtedly possessed great good sense, great natural sagacity, and a mode of familiar explanation which enabled him to carry conviction home to the breasts of those to whom he addressed himself. With these powers of the mind he most meritoriously exerted himself to amuse and to inform, and knew how to promote every sentiment of industry and eco-

nomy, in classes where those useful virtues are so necessary, and yet so generally neglected, while he seemed chiefly intent on exciting a smile. On subjects of general politics and political economy he certainly entertained some erroneous opinions. His constitution of Pennsylvania was such as he must, upon mature deliberation, have disapproved of; it was of the sort to which men of some talents but of mean ambition are always partial, inasmuch as it renders their assistance at all times necessary, and their supremacy unavoidable; and his ideas on luxury, on commerce, and on agriculture, as the only source of national prosperity, will but serve, perhaps, to mislead some modern statesman, who, without his integrity, his good sense, and his practical experience, may, for our sins, be placed for a time at the head of the nation; such a one, and perhaps he is already in being, may fancy himself a philosopher too, and may be for ascertaining under what circumstances the people of America can exist, and upon how little, and how long; and may be trying experiments upon us as upon animals in an air pump: there is another subject upon which it would have been highly interesting to have learned the opinion of Dr. Franklin. It would have been highly interesting to know what he thought, when arrived at the maturity of reason and experience, of the ultimate effect of the revolution upon the happiness of those, whose fate had been involved in that great event. He could not, I think, but have rejoiced, that the noble stand made by the people of America, had tended to preserve the liberties even of those against whom their exertions were directed, and who certainly have not declined in any one circumstance of national prosperity. I am here a witness, even upon this hostile shore, of the admiration which their fearless perseverance, and their unshaken public spirit can create, for never was their power more irresistible at sea, and never were their triumphs more splendid. On our side, without any great addition to individual happiness, there has certainly been a very great increase of all which bespeaks national prosperity, and we have been saved, perhaps, from that degrading state of ignorance, of gross enjoyment, and lazy luxury, which Barrow and Percival describe in the wealthy planter of Ceylon and southern Africa. The mind of the American has now a scope which it could never, but for the revolution, have attained. Numbers have made laws, have administered justice, have drawn up forms of government, and have concluded treaties, who, but for the revolution, would have been toiling at the humblest avocations of the bar, or of commerce, or, perhaps have been following the plough. General Washington would have been known but as the most industrious, the most silent, and the best drest man of his neighbourhood, and all the active merit of general Greene

would have remained obscured under the modest garb and demeanor of a quaker. It might have been better, perhaps, if while we resolutely adhered to the practice of our ancestors in matters of jurisprudence, those who formed the federal constitution had retained a little more of what Mr. Burke calls the drapery of life; if the first magistrate, being removed by forms and ceremonies somewhat further from society, had retained some honours and distinctions at his disposal; if a degree of permanency had been given to the public esteem by attaching somewhat of an hereditary nature to personal dignity, and an order of men had thus gradually arisen, in whom the pride of ancestry and the example of noble deeds might have opposed a barrier against that all-devouring desire of amassing wealth, by which foreigners pretend to say our nation is characterised, a desire which, however laudable in many instances, is yet certainly very frequently at variance with the laws of honour and propriety: such an order might, upon other occasions, have rendered still more important services: their patronage would have cherished the arts, and promoted the sciences, and like the barons of Runnemede or the nobility and gentry of England in 1688, they might have found the best defence of liberty, in the proper acceptation of a word, which has been so much abused of late years.

The only calamitous effect of our revolution arises, I think, from the fermentation it has occasioned in Europe, and even we of the United States and our descendants may have reason to regret, that the successful termination of it should have proved how easily oaths of allegiance can be dispensed with; how easily the most salutary prejudices, the most deeply rooted principles may be dissolved, and the props of society removed: a charm has been destroyed, which, operating powerfully upon the human mind, was necessary to good government, and adventurers of desperate fortune will find it easier to promote their views by any expedient which avarice and ambition, disguised under all that eloquence has invented in favour of liberty can dictate. Individual states too, who may think themselves aggrieved, and may wish to separate from the general government, will find arguments ready made for the purpose, and will not hesitate to exercise that privilege against the union which was so successfully exercised against Great Britain.

But I am ashamed to have deviated so far from my narration. We passed the river at Sevre where the manufactory is carried on, which produces the beautiful porcelaine, commonly called Seve china. It is equal to all that has been said of it, and after declining, as every other great national establishment did, during the revolution, now flourishes again under the peculiar patronage of the emperor. He makes pre-

sents hence to such of the sovereigns of Europe as he condescends to be civil to, and has two vases that form the principal ornament of his gallery at St. Cloud, which were made here, and which are valued at four thousand pounds sterling each. The clay made use of is brought at a great expense from a distant part of France, and affords an instance of how much the value of the raw material may be increased by the ingenuity of a skilful artist; this is the case, we know, with flax, made into lace, of which I have seen a yard valued at eighty louisdors, and of iron, one penny worth of which, being converted into steel, and made up into watch springs, acquires ultimately a value of thirty thousand pounds sterling.

In the war of the succession to the crown of Spain, the power of France was so broken, that a partisan of the imperial army carried off one of the attendants of the dauphin, supposing him to be the dauphin himself, from the bridge of Sevre.

We arrived at the palace through the town of Versailles, which, from a village, had become a city of eighty thousand inhabitants, but is now reduced to thirty thousand. The proper road, as affording the most magnificent approach, is through a noble avenue of ancient trees. At the distance of about a quarter of a mile from the palace are the stables, which seem almost preposterously magnificent for the purpose intended: from the stables you pass along to a first and to a second court, at the bottom of which stands the principal building, which appears on this side as Louis XIII left it, but with very handsome appendages in the nature of wings and in a superior style of architecture. It was in this last court, that the mob of Paris, which Mr. Burke has so well described, was for a moment awed into respect by the appearance of the queen in the centre balcony with the dauphin in her arms. Every lover of architecture must regret, that Louis XIV, who was not apt to calculate the value of money, should have been here seized with a fit of economy, and left the old palace, which had served as a hunting seat to his father, just as he found it, rather than pull it down: it is on the garden side that the magnificence of Versailles appears; the palace is here spread out to an extent of eighteen hundred feet, and adorned with all that the art of sculpture could bring to the aid of architecture; in the centre is a portico six hundred feet in length, supported by marble pillars of the handsomest workmanship. The terrace, which extends the full breadth of the palace, projects between five and six hundred feet towards the country: it is, in fact, an artificial hill of no mean extent, being partly raised upon arches and partly consisting of a mass of earth brought here for the purpose. It must have cost a considerable part of the millions lavished upon Versailles: hence at

an elevation of about twenty or thirty feet from the original level, the view wanders over no very extensive prospects, but over objects, which, like St. Cyr, which is seen among the trees at a distance, carry back the mind, and generally with a sigh, to the recollection of former times. The gardens are kept in good order; they have an air of insipid formality, but I can conceive their inspiring a very different sensation, when the ornaments of a brilliant and numerous court were moving along the principal walks, amidst a number of marble fountains, a profusion of water, an endless variety of statues, and various handsome buildings erected for the temporary accommodation of the royal family and their attendants. It was in these that Lewis XIV gave those entertainments which attracted the admiration of all Europe, and of which he had frequently the good sense to make a piece of Moliere's the principal amusement. It was customary with him upon these occasions, to have refreshments of every sort prepared for the court with all the display of plenty that you read of at Comachio's wedding in Don Quixotte; but instead of the wall of bread, and the goodly rampart of cheese, and the kettles of poultry which captivated Sancho, there used to be a sort of mountain, the grottoes of which contained every dish that could solicit the appetite, and the seeming facade of a handsome building, that was all cake and confectionary, and pyramids of sweetmeats, and hillocs of sugar plums, and ornamental vases containing liquors of every sort, and a little grove of trees bending with the weight of preserved fruits of various kinds, while a column of water rising from the midst of this to the height of thirty feet, and received, as it feel, in a circular marble basin, gave an additional charm to the beauty and variety of the scene.

One of the favourite amusements of this great king was to see people eat, and those (says St. Simons) who wished to pay their court, were sure to affect a good appetite and great spirits. The great canal, which is now dry, must have added considerably to the prospect, while the vessels of singular forms, in all the gaudiness of flags and streamers, gave to the whole an air of oriental magnificence. It was nearly a mile in length and upwards of two hundred feet broad, and was connected at the upper extremity with a branch which led to Trianon, a favourite place of residence of Louis XV, who vainly supposed that he could banish from it all the constraint and formality of a court. The late queen had improved upon the idea and constructed a little Trianon where she amused herself with a cottage and a mill and with the appendages of a farm, and something like the appearance of rural life, and soothed her imagination with privacy, and happy would it have been for her, had she never returned from such scenes to politics, which she knew nothing of, and to court intrigues, of which she was

made the victim. It was not in the nature of the king to differ from a wife he adored, and her opinion was too frequently founded upon the interest, or, perhaps, mischievous suggestions of some accidental counsellor. Her own experience could be of no avail; she was young, handsome, and a queen, and had never bestowed a moment's attention upon any thing more serious or instructive than a novel; her conversation was gay, unconnected, and trifling, made up frequently of the scandal of the day; any thing relative to business made her look grave, and from gravity to ennui the transition was rapid and apparent: she was, with all this, unfortunately fond of power, and thought herself capable of governing a kingdom. The baron de Besonval, from whose memoirs I have extracted the above character of this unfortunate queen, concludes by saying, that it was her fate to go wrong with the best intentions, and to displease by those very qualities which might, in private life, have secured the love and admiration of all around her: too familiar at times in some private circle, and thinking only of being amiable, when she should have inspired a very different sentiment, and again compelled on some public occasion, to reassume the dignity of her station, she lost, by a change of behaviour, which was inevitable, the regard of those whom she had made her equals, and was accused, without reason, of being frivolous and inconstant.

The expensive water works, which supplied the different fountains, have been very properly neglected, but the garden is, in other respects, well attended to, and the orangerie is in great perfection; the trees are sheltered in vaults under the terrace in winter, but are brought out in summer, and must add considerably to the beauty of the view. Some of them are as old as the time of Francis I.

After walking about for some time, we entered the palace by the great marble staircase and passed through a suite of rooms, which were formerly appropriated to the guards on duty, into the great gallery, which is one of the finest in the world. I well remember the sensation which I experienced on entering it many years ago, when numbers were waiting with an eagerness, which had more of affection than of curiosity to see the royal family and particularly the queen, who was then, as Mr. Burke describes her, just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she was beginning to move in—a sad change has taken place; the pomp of royalty is fled, and all is solitary and silent; it reminded me of Mr. Gibbon's description of the palace of Constantinople, when Sultan Mahomet entered it after taking the city by storm; melancholy reflection on the vicissitudes of human greatness, says the historian, forced itself upon the conqueror's mind as he entered the august and desolate mansion, and he was heard to repeat to himself the very applicable distich of a Persian poet, who, in describ-

ing a similar scene, says, The spider has woven his web in the imperial palace, and the owl has sung her watch song on the towers of Afrasiab. The great gallery is two hundred and twenty feet long, with seventeen windows opening upon the gardens, and the same number of mirrors on the other side, corresponding with the windows: a great many of the statues and pictures which ornamented this and the other rooms, have been removed, but some remain, and I was struck with one picture in particular, which represents Sully as he describes himself in his letter after the battle of Ivey; the good king is leaning over him with an air of sympathy and affection, and the little semblance of a triumph with which Muignet indulged his own and perhaps his master's vanity, is extremely well represented. All that was required for parade at Versailles, for the reception of the court on gala days, for the exhibition of the royal family when they dined in public, and for the presentation of ambassadors, seems to have been in a style of suitable magnificence; but the private apartments were neither as handsome nor as commodious as I expected. The queen's large mirror still remains in what was her dressing-room, and must, from its size and position, have done justice to all that grace of motion, and elegance of form, in defence of which she perhaps imagined, as she surveyed herself, that in such a nation as the French, so famed for war and gallantry, ten thousand swords would have leaped from their scabbards. We afterwards stopped for a moment at the door through which she fled for safety on the morning of the first of October 1789, and traced the scene of many of the events of that fatal day and of the night preceding, during which La Fayette ought not to have slept or never to have waked again. If the king and queen were uncomfortably lodged, it would be difficult to express the manner in which the greater part of the court were accommodated. What Arthur Young says upon that occasion is strictly true, nor is even Madame Roland's account exaggerated. It had been the policy of Richelieu to draw the great nobility about the person of the king, and they have since retained the custom of passing as much of their time at court as could be spared from the army: many of them with palaces of their own, and with almost regal rights which they might have exercised over a great extent of country, and yet enriched it by what the supplies of their own household would have required, were satisfied with some garret, or some cellar, or some room over a stable at the residence of the monarch: the consequence was, that they lost all hold upon the affections of their tenants and vassals, and were obliged to fly from the misguided rage of those who ought to have followed them into the field in defence of monarchy. It is singular that the worst features of the feudal system should have remained so long in France without any of its advanta-

ges; that the wretched peasant should have been exposed to the oppression of the capitaineries, and yet have remained so personally unconnected with his lord, as to be ready to massacre his family and burn his castle; while in England, the custom of the great landholder to reside, for a part of the year at least, upon his estate, and his attachment to agricultural pursuits, and the general necessity of an application to the good will of the people, at least once in seven years, have given him a more than feudal influence long after the destruction of the system itself. Should the sins of Europe, and I may add of America, deserve so great a calamity as the destruction of the naval power of England, and the French be able to land there, which Heaven avert, the conflict would still be long and severe; every day which marked the progress of the invading army, would be a day of battle; they would have to trample upon the bodies of the nobility and gentry, of the merchant, the farmer, the labourer, and the manufacturer; and I will venture to say, that at the worst, no son of the noble houses of Russel or of Percy, no Howard, Churchill, or Lumley would be found fiddling or dancing for bread in foreign countries; they would die at their posts.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

A Summary of Remarks made on the Falls of Niagara, by the Hon. Samuel L. Mitchill, as gathered from his conversations and display of Mineral Specimens.

Dr. Mitchill observed on his return from Niagara, in 1809, that the cataract had employed so many pens and pencils, that he should not have written any thing about it, had it not appeared to him that the great chasm which the water has formed in the rocks at that place, discloses much of the mineralogy of the region, and assists in forming correct opinions concerning the geology of this section of the globe. He thinks the delineation by Mr. Weld as reputable to him; and his pages and illustrations instructive. The account by Mr. Volney he considers as instructive; and his plans intelligent. The paintings and prints of Mr. Vanderlyn, were pronounced by Dr. Mitchill as pieces which presented to the eye, all that could be expected from landscape.

And speaking of the description of Mr. M'Kinnen, he observed, that although it was almost as much a picture of his own emotions as of the scenes around him, it was nevertheless ingenious and interesting.

On exploring the strata laid bare by the cataract, their argillaceous, calcareous and silicious character immediately struck him. He was careful to bring away specimens of each; and these at all times and distances, enable him to substantiate his own description of the grand falls.

The inferior layers of earthy matter at the falls are composed of slate, or shistus. This is very friable, and cracked into numberless pieces. It has so little cohesion that the fragments can be easily picked out by the fingers. It is constantly dropping off or wearing away. Its fallen portions constitute a part of the loose gravel through which the traveller labours beneath. This argillaceous matter yields to mechanical and chymical agency more readily than the harder strata which it supports. It therefore undergoes excavation, while the superior and firmer strata of limestone project and overhang, until they break off by their own weight. Owing to this abrasion or decay of the brittle shistus, the calcareous rocks above jut far beyond their present base, and threaten him who takes shelter below them. Masses of various sizes, from small stones to rocks of many tons weight have fallen from the summit thus undermined, and now occupy the space at its foot. As the excavating or undermining process goes on, other pieces will be detached, and the chasm be proportionally enlarged. This foundation of slate is of vast extent in these parts of North America. Shistus emerges from the strata of granite on the banks of the Hudson, at Newburgh and Fish-kill, and underlays the limestone to the northward of both; as well as the sandstone of the Kaatskill mountains. Travelling north it shows itself again at the water-falls in the neighbourhood of Albany, and at the village of Waterford. The same kind of argillaceous slate prevails beyond Stillwater to the falls of Fort Edward, and supports the limestone over which the Hudson at Glen's falls is precipitated. Turning westward, the shistus, over which the Mowhawk river falls at the Cohoez, is covered with granitical stones and rocks from Schenectady to Palatine; and at the latter place, by a limestone that is replete with petrifactions. At the little falls where the lock-navigation has been opened, huge strata of a compact, striated, dusky and ferruginous quartz conceal it. At Utica a coarse, granulated silicious sandstone overspreads it. But at Oriscany the slate again makes its appearance, and continues until the limestone incrusts it, west of the Oneida reservation, in the town of Sullivan. And it probably extends under the calcareous strata quite to Niagara river, and

an unknown distance into Canada. At the former place, the impetuous action of the water has exposed its deep stratification. Shistus rock abounds in the region between the Hudson and the Mohawk; for at Ballstown, some of the branches of the Kayaderopras have washed the strata bare. And the banks of the St. Lawrence from Quebec to Kingston on Lake Ontario, demonstrate the prevalence of the like argillaceous slate as the extensive substratum in all that tract of country.

The rocks which compress the layers of friable shistus at Niagara, are limestone. They are piled up to a great height. They are disposed horizontally, and are of the flat or tabular form. Their strength and compactness enables them to overhang the banks, after their foundation of brittle slate has been removed. One of the most prominent and durable of these strata is the table-rock. This is much frequented as a favourable spot for observing the magnificent scenery from above. While it lasts, it is worthy of being resorted to, for the advantages of the prospect it affords. And it may be regretted, that it will be spoiled whenever the slate beneath shall be so far worn away as to render the incumbent strata of calcareous matter incapable of supporting their own weight. The projecting portions will break off, and descend by their gravity to the subjacent mass of ruins. The fear of danger to a spectator standing upon such a ponderous shelf, and surveying his situation when above, is not surpassed by the solemn apprehension he experiences from its imminent and awful aspect when below.

In these calcareous strata, Dr. Mitchill observed the carbonate of lime to predominate. This, however, is not a mere mixture of fixed air with an earthy calx. The rock on being rubbed or broken, emits a fetid or sulphureous odour; evincing that it is a swine-stone or *lapis suillus*. This disagreeable smell attends the limestone in this and the adjacent regions. Dr. M. possesseses pieces of it charged with martial pyrites. And the sulphur, clay and iron of this association, are intimately blended with the calcareous carbonate. The existence of pyritical limestone explains how by the decomposition of the pyrites, sulphuric acid is produced, and gypsum formed.

The calcareous nature of the upper rocks is evinced by the fact, that in the neighbourhood of the great cataract as well as at the whirlpool five miles down the river, and at Queenstown two miles further, the inhabitants burn them into limestone for economical purposes. But the material is not always indeterminate or shapeless. It assumes beautiful crystalline forms. Rhomboidal and cubical crystals are formed on its surface, and in its cavities. The former are of a milk-white colour, with oblique angels. The latter are less frequent, generally found in the same clusters with the others of an almost rectangular figure, and of a semi-transparent complexion. Other crystals shoot along the vacuities of the limestone; some of an imperfect hex-

angular shape, and others in clumps of acute six-sided crystals, both having a resemblance to the dogs-tooth-spar. All these are probably modifications of the calcareous carbonate, by admixtures of magnesia, iron, silex, and perhaps some other ingredients.

These layers of limestone are interspersed with small masses or lumps of gypsum. This is generally of a snowy whiteness, and indeterminate figure. But it is sometimes finely semi-pellucid and lamellar. It is mistaken by the people for the petrified froth of the river. It seems to be formed in consequence of a decomposition of the pyrites imbedded in some parts of the rock. The sulphuric acid to which this process gives rise, expels the carbonic acid, and unites with the limestone by virtue of a more powerful attraction. Thus the common limestone is converted into plaster of paris; or in chymical language, the carbonate of lime is changed into a sulphate. The two compounds very commonly exist together, the limestone and gypsum cohering and making parts of one mineral mass. In some rills where the brimstone appears not to have been combined with oxygen, it oozes out with the water, and discolours the rocks. Thus native sulphur and calcareous sulphurets, may be enumerated among the natural products of Niagara.

To enable the kind and quality of the calcareous rocks, in the western territory of New-York, and the adjacent parts of Canada, to be understood, it ought to be mentioned that organic remains, apparently of animals, are frequently found in them, the greater part of the way from the Seneca Lake to Niagara River, a distance of a hundred miles. At the remarkable sulphureous spring in the town of Phelps, eleven miles northwest of Geneva, they appear like corralines and madrepores. On both sides of the Genessee and Ionewanto rivers, they resemble marine shells. While on the east and west banks of Nigara river, they assume, in addition to the already enumerated forms, those that have erroneously been called petrified wasp's-nests and honey-combs. In some cases these calcareous petrifactions are blended with pyrites; and in others they are impregnated with a petroleum or bituminous matter, called Seneca oil. These petrifactions do not indeed so remarkably distinguish the limestone at the spot where the cataract is; but, as the calcareous strata there possess the same general character with that in the adjoining districts, it was thought proper in drawing up this sketch, to mention the marks of the common saline and maritime origin.

The silicious ingredients in the rocks hereabout were observed by Dr. Mitchill to consist mostly of quartz and flint. The quartz is sometimes mingled with the calcareous carbonate in such quantity as to give sparks with steel; forming a sort of silicious limestone. In other cases it exists in veins or streaks almost unmixed. And lastly it bespangles

the surface with elegant crystals, hard enough to scratch glass. The flint at the falls is whitish; but near the outlet of lake Erie it is blackish. In both places it is distinctly bedded in the limestone; and their quantity is relatively small, particularly at the former place. At the latter, the colour of the flint concurs with that of the calcareous strata in which it is immerged, to have obtained for the spot the name of Black-rock. This stone breaks with the concavo-convex fracture; and answers very well to furnish fire-stones for musquets. It does not seem to be chymically incorporated with the limestone; but to be laid in it as pebbles are scattered through breccias. Dr. M. said it put him in mind of the nodules of flint, contained in the chalk-pits of Kent and Surry, which he had observed in travelling through England. The flint and limestone at Erie lie contiguous without mixture; and may be broken out in their respective forms quite distinct. And this connexion of them continues eastwardly, far into the Seneca-prairies, or Buffalo Plains.

Such, according to this gentleman's report, is the constitution of the solid strata at Niagara, and in its vicinity. The uppermost are horizontal and tabular; when a stratum is discontinued, its termination is abrupt, forming a sudden descent. This descent, at any one place, is proportional to the thickness of the stratum. Several of these strata break off in this manner, about half way between Chipeway and the grand cataract. And they continue their interruptions to the evenness of the channel, the whole distance beyond. At each termination the river treads lower, and skips and dances along to the next. It marches down this, and proceeds to the succeeding one. Then it runs from stage to stage, until after a gradual and majestic progress of a mile, gathering force and velocity at every step, it leaps from the high and final precipice.

The mighty and immeasurable torrent dashes upon a ledge of detached and enormous rocks, the fragments of the superior strata that have been broken off, and precipitated in the course of ages. All the pieces which the vehement and unceasing current can stir, are washed away. None remain but those that are too heavy for removal. These form a rough and broken bottom for the floods to rush upon. Their solidity and size check the impetuosity of the headlong river. Their crags convert a part of it into mist, which rises like an exhalation to an altitude sufficient to be seen for many miles, and which bedews the adjacent district with a moisture resembling rain. On the Canada side, they are in a great degree concealed from sight by the foaming water, and the rising spray that invest them. But on the New-York side, where the height of the fall is greater and the quantity of water smaller, the inferior ledge of rocks can be better discerned as they lie piled upon each other in all the rudeness of accidental dispo-

sition; these form a barrier to protect the frail basis of slate from the assault of the water. By the intervention of these impassive heaps, the shistus, notwithstanding its shattered constitution, maintains its ground remarkably, and yields but slowly. Yet, under the operation of such powerful causes, it gives way at last, though only inch by inch. In consequence of this moderate, but certain removal of the shistic foundation, the calcareous strata are at length deprived of their support, and yards and perches, as is believed, of their extremities have disappeared within the recollection of persons now alive.

By this means the cataract seems to have moved its place, and not to have been stationary at any one point. Beyond a doubt, says Dr. M. it is proceeding up the stream, and drawing nearer to Chipeway and Erie. And if in its early existence, it thundered where Queenstown now is, it must have worn its way about seven miles in the lapse of centuries, to its present seat. Strange and unaccountable as this conjecture may appear, to many it really violates no probability. On the other hand, it is countenanced by several important considerations. A little above that village, the plain which reaches northwardly from the shores of Lake Erie, ceases. There is a rapid declivity to another plain which extends to Ontario. The difference of these levels is rather more than the height of the falls. The beholder is impressed with the belief that the river once ran to this natural limit, and there descended to its lower bed. If this really was the fact, it could not have continued to flow forever there. The deep foundation is the same species of shattered slate which sustains the strata where the falls now are. The incumbent beds of rock are but continuations of those very calcareous layers; with the addition of some silicious sandstone between the top and bottom, along the declivity at Queenstown. What marvel then that the river should have opened for itself its present profound channel through rocks of such a stratification and so constituted? There cannot be a moment's hesitation in the mind of every examiner to admit the readiness with which the slaty strata cracked through with innumerable flaws, would be dislodged by the force of such an agent. Their minute fragments of loosely cohering particles, would immediately be carried along by the tide. By attrition they would be worn away, and lay aside their shistic form on returning to argillaceous powder. Thus the strata of slate would naturally disappear and leave a passage for the waters. In the meanwhile the limestone, deprived of its support beneath, would separate piecemeal and tumble into the abyss. Every person of science knows that calcareous earth is soluble in water, and that it is liable also to alteration through the chymical and mechanical agencies to which it is subjected; the firmest limestone will, after sufficient agitation and exposure, lose its coherence and be transformed to sand, or vanish in solution. In either

case, whether the rocks are pulverized or dissolved, the greater impediments are removed and an opening made for the river. And really when it is considered what vast power water possesses as a menstruum, and how irresistibly it acts by impulse, there will be reason enough to conclude that the channel from Queenstown to Chipeway may have been worn between its rugged banks by that agent. It will be equally evident that the work is by no means suspended; but that the wear and tear is incessantly going on.

Professor Mitchill has transmitted to his colleague Professor Bruce, a collection of the mineralogical specimens brought from the county, river, and falls of Niagara, to be deposited in that gentleman's valuable cabinet.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

In the courteous correspondence, which accompanies the ensuing speculation, and some others of a character of no minor interest, our respected friend apprizes us that if this sort of contribution be acceptable, more can be easily furnished, to fill up, as he modestly expresses himself, a page in this Miscellany. The gentleman in question, to whom we are indebted for many leading articles in The Port Folio, is assured, in a tone of no prostituted flattery, that we and our readers are equally amused and instructed by his ingenious labours. The publication of the ensuing anecdote, though it does not instantly follow the commemoration of the event alluded to, can never be *out of season*, in the estimation, either of the Patriot or the Historian.

EDITOR.

PROPHECY OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

Mr. OLDSCHOOL,

I WAS thinking the other day as I returned from the annual celebration of our political nativity, that it would be interesting to collect from different authors a summary of what had been the opinion of well-informed persons in former times, as to a probability of a separation between Great Britain and its colonies. Such a collection might teach us not to give implicit faith to, but certainly not to despise the reason-

ings of speculative men. Hume, whose political sagacity seldom failed him, thought such an expectation altogether ill-founded, but the Abbe du Bos, who held some place in the diplomatic service of France, during the reign of Louis XIV, and at a period when the ministry of Queen Anne were said to have formed the plan of following up their successes in Europe by an attempt upon the French settlements in North America seems to have been inspired: he published a pamphlet entitled, "the Interests of England ill understood," in which is the following passage: "England, which seems now in the full tide of success, may end by getting possession of the whole American continent; but when this great region shall come to be peopled, and peopled in a great measure at the expense of the mother country, what line of conduct will England then pursue? Will a free commerce with all the world be permitted, and will the Americans be allowed to pursue their own interests as they may see best, paying no taxes but those of their own imposing, and bound by the acts of the English Parliament so far only as they may think proper to adopt them, and at liberty to give the preference to their own manufactories? If such should be the policy of England, the colonies, which will have been established and defended at a great expense, will shortly prove the rivals and perhaps the enemies of the English nation in all which constitutes their prosperity, and the mother country will be still more weakened by the loss of numbers, who will emigrate to this rising empire in the west. If, on the contrary, the government of England, actuated by the only principle, which can lead to the establishment of colonies, by a desire of promoting the national interest, should think of governing as the Spanish court does, and treating the people of the provinces like conquered subjects, rely upon it, that this fine and fertile country, at the distance of two thousand leagues, and peopled by men of English minds, will not long submit;—they will have inherited too high a sense of their rights as freemen not to be desirous of throwing off such a yoke, and their very rapid prosperity, their increase in wealth and numbers, and their improvement in every art and science will soon enable them to do so."

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

In a recent number of The Port Folio will be found a very spirited sketch of the character of Charles James Fox, and we now insert, as no unfit companion to it, a portraiture of Edmund Burke executed with equal ability. These two productions have been ascribed, on what authority we do not know, to the celebrated Sir James M'Intosh. They are certainly not unworthy of his reputation. In vigour of conception, and richness of colouring, they are indeed, scarcely inferior to Grattan's splendid delineation of the elder Pitt's character.

CHARACTER OF BURKE.

MR. BURKE is dead. He is beyond the reach of public regard and hatred; and those who persecuted, and those who loved him, may weep alike for the loss of a victim, and a friend.

He was for so many years engaged in public life; so long the most conspicuous and interesting figure; that with respect to him every mode of description has been exhausted; every talent viewed in every light; every virtue either lavished or withheld; and so universally, though variously, did he touch the passions of mankind, that all who spoke of him, or heard of him, became parties in the decision upon his character, and entertained a host of adverse or partial feelings, enemies at once to truth, and evidences to the magnitude of the subject.

His private qualities, as an acquaintance, a companion, and a friend, are said to have been most useful, gratifying, and endearing. His manners, like his wit, were ever playful. The naked charms of virtue and of truth, received innumerable and unstudied ornaments, from a conversation pure in all its vivacity, though unconscious of its influence over every description of hearers, who had taste or dispositions to be delighted or improved.

The genius of Mr. Burke was full of splendor; it was the reflection of lights from every quarter of the material and intellectual universe. His eyes shot through the depths of science, and ascertained the wanderings, or enlarged the limits of conjecture. His fancy, rich and bright, infinite in its variety, and intoxicating with its beauty, furnished copious and striking images, to illustrate and familiarize the operations of a reasoning power, otherwise too profound for common apprehension. His eloquence, convincing, persuasive, terrible when it assaulted, irresistible when it soothed, dignified in its rapidity, polished in its vehemence, diffuse, without being languid, concise, on occasion, without being obscure, never failed to agitate the fiercer, or to interest the milder passions. A spirit of divine morality breathed through him;

and however our opinions may differ upon the actual effects of his words and writings, it is no great exercise of candor to suppose that his intentions were pure. His immense stores of knowledge, were, in general, drawn forth to promote, or to resist some practical object, and he forced upon us the necessity of appreciating all human intelligence, by the good or evil to which it is directed. The sensibility of his heart was exquisite, and ever alive; more rapid than the flights of his imagination—infinitely too rapid, and at times, perhaps, too strong for his reason, it often turned against the latter, the strength it occasionally received from both. Always engaged in the contemplation of mighty objects, he knew, that although his objects were mighty, his instruments must be men. In order to make the constitution what he could approve, and the empire what he wished, he united with a parliamentary party, which appeared the most respectable and effectual means of accomplishing these ends; but in attempting to render party his instrument, he became himself, for a time, the instrument of party; and his dereliction of that system upon the new turn of affairs in Europe, (the act of his life which has been the most unpopular) ought to vindicate his principles, though the consequences of it may arraign his judgment.

In our imperfect nature the superiority of one man to another is no more than a partial superiority. One towering faculty, in the composition of an individual, bears down and casts a shade upon the rest; in conduct it obstructs their use, as in comparison at extinguishes their lustre. Mr. Burke's miscarriages in the world of politics, though not proportioned to the grandeur of his undertakings, have been more than proportioned to those incurred by ordinary men, in the ordinary level of human character. His fertile mind nourished every subject on which he thought, into a vast creation, multiform, rich in realities, in images, and in conjectures; much of it fluctuating and fugitive, complex in its materials, boundless in its dimensions, and new to its author. More secure, but far less elevated, their lot, in whom there is little of invention to suggest, and nothing of imagination to delude; whose ideas do not multiply into clogs upon their judgment, but leave it, through an empty region, a free and inglorious path! Where these, and such men as these, have to manage only their respective atoms, Mr. Burke, in his luxuriance, had to wield a universe—and to say that he failed, is to say that he was not a God.

Some weeds of prejudice sprung up with his opinions; a mist of superstition hung over him, which obscured important truths, and raised a multitude of illusory forms; his fancy associated other subjects with these; and his zeal committed them, so infected, to the world. The rest of mankind saw truth and falsehood in colours less strong than Mr. Burke, though perhaps more minutely accurate. All those whose

cold and shallow mediocrity was incapable either of sympathizing with his sensibilities, or of fathoming his deductions, made his greatness a reproach to him, and ridiculed his intellect for being superior to their own. Some philosophers, also, of that malignant school which affects the absence of feeling to disguise its perversion, joined in a league of abusive controversy; and madness and despotism were common themes of invective, against one of the wisest and the best of men.

Upon the whole, we must impute to Mr. Burke some of the evils we have suffered, but posterity may reap unmixed advantage from his works. He combined the greatest talents of the greatest men, and his judgment was overmatched, not by the abilites of others, but by his own. He roused, by a wound, the sleeping tyger of Democracy, and provoked, and almost justified, his devastations. Had he lived in the most despicable age, his genius would have exalted it; had he lived in the most tranquil age, his conduct might have disturbed it. He has left a space that will not soon be filled. He described a grand, but irregular course; his meridian was more tolerable than his descending ray; but the heat with which he scorched us will soon be no longer felt, while the light which he diffused will shine upon us forever.

THE LITERARY WORLD——FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

DOBSON'S PETRARCH—*Philadelphia Edition*, 2 *vols.* 12*mo.*

MANY years have elapsed since the indefatigable Abbe de Sade, in the fervour of his zeal for one of the restorers of literature, published three huge quartos, as a sort of Life of Petrarch, the well-known hermit of Vaucluse, and the romantic lover of Laura. On the appearance of this overgrown work, all the Learned agreed that its laborious author deserved well of the literary commonwealth; but that either the magnitude of his collections, or the copiousness, not to say the prolixity of his style, would terrify every indolent reader. The enormous size of these volumes, so obviously rebellious against the common code of biographical composition, did, indeed, deter many from the purchase and perusal of a book, in which it was apprehended there would be found more flagrant proofs of the garrulity of a Frenchman, than of the accuracy of a compiler. Moreover, doubts were started with respect to the genuineness of some of the *manuscripts*,

to which the Abbe pretended he had access. There was a clamorous *call for papers;* and, as in the case of the impudent forgeries of Macpherson, shrewd and inquisitive men insisted upon an inspection of the *originals.* The guarded silence of the prudent Abbe, and the *cunning craftiness* of a venal bookseller contributed, very essentially, to corroborate the incredulity of Criticism.

But while the Indolence of some, and the Scepticism of others thus powerfully operated to check the sale, and retard the popularity of this cumbrous performance, elegant scholars on the continent, together with *the whole choir of Phœbus* in Great Britain, plainly perceived that though the Abbe's field was vast, it did not follow that it was barren; and that although some of its ornaments might be artificial, yet it was probable the curious eye might discover many flowers of a perennial character. In a life, checkered by romantic vicissitudes, at an epoch, memorable in the annals of Literature, men might find both instruction and delight. A gold mine was evidently open, and though the first discoverer produced but huge masses of the crude ore, some more adroit artificer might fashion it for use, and polish it for beauty.

About the commencement of the American revolution, Mrs. Dobson, a literary lady of Liverpool, instead of indulging herself in libels against crowns, or eulogies upon colonists, like Mrs. Macauley, and other viragoes of a similar stamp, wisely relinquished the bickerings of Faction for the bowers of Literature, and read Poetry much more devoutly than Petitions. Soame Jenyns, a most elegant scholar, a diligent inquirer, and a gentleman of *the old Court*, probably exhorted this Lady to attempt an abridgment of the Abbe's *Memoires.* This elegant epitome, executed with sufficient spirit, was, in fact, dedicated, *by permission*, to Mr. Jenyns, who never would have sanctioned with his *honoured* name, a work dubious in its principles, or slovenly in its execution. In this animated address to her Patron, the learned Lady abundantly testifies her high sense of the honour of his indulgence, and pays a perfectly well-deserved compliment to the captivating conversation and elegant and philosophical writings of one, whose style was as sweet as Addison's, although his politics and his party were directly the reverse of those of the *awkward* secretary of the First *Dutch* George.

Montaigne, in one of his desultory chapters, wishes that his work might become a *parlour window* book. Few productions of a light and desultory character have been more popular than Mrs. Dobson's ingenious summary, which it may be said emphatically is a *toilet table book.* Independently of the sweetness and attractiveness of this Lady's style, the great power of enchantment, which leads a vast multitude of women, and men soft, idle, and luxurious like women, is the *marvellous pleasant love story* of the *pining* Petrarch, and the

languishing Laura. In this best of all possible worlds, while lightning smiles and downcast looks, sunny locks and radiant smiles, looks expressive, and sighs suppressed, thoughts that breathe and words that burn constitute a section in the vocabulary of love, so long will the description of anything in the shape of an *intrigue* witch the imagination of young men and maidens. We must confess that, in our deliberate opinion, whatever relates to Petrarch and Laura, those amorous Signs, whether in opposition or conjunction, is, to the last degree, idle, insipid, and insignificant. We are excessively incredulous even of the existence of such an attachment, as has been so nauseously, so tiresomely, and so everlastingly described. Taking this romantic story for granted, the fond admirers of the lovesick Italian will place their favourite in a very awkward dilemma. If his passion was merely *metaphysical* and *sentimental*, a very darling idea which *prigs* like Sam Richardson, or prudes like his *Miss* Howe, dwell upon with rapture, then Petrarch was a *fool*. If his ardour were so ungovernable that he was seriously in love with his *neighbour's wife*, we need not go very far, nor run knocking at the door of the Decalogue, to discover that he was a *rogue*. In the first case, the learned Petrarch, with all the absurdity of Don Quixote, passes whole days and nights in the enjoyment of an *ideal* mistress, and consequently is as crazy and contemptible as the knight of the rueful face; and, upon the second supposition, he is not a very proper person to be led into a modest woman's drawing-room, or to be introduced by Mrs. Dobson, or any other literary lady, *Mrs. Clarke* always excepted.

Turning aside, with all possible contempt, from these phantoms of Gallantry, we fix our whole regards upon Petrarch, the hermit, the poet, the historian, and the philosopher; upon Petrarch, sequestered and studious at Vaucluse, and caressed and crowned at Rome; upon the adventurous scholar, piercing through the gloom of the fourteenth century, and boldly exploring his way with the Classical Lamp in his hand. It is in this capacity that we delight to behold him; and when we remember that he gave unremitted attention to the whole circle of the Sciences, that he was assiduous in all the offices of Christian devotion, and one of the most indefatigable students of the age; that he was a man of business, and a man of the world, occupied with ecclesiastical engagements and by court cares, familiar with cardinals, legates, popes, and all the literati, his contemporaries, that moreover, in a life of no uncommon duration he found time to compose *folios* upon a vast variety of learned and intricate topics, besides keeping up an extensive correspondence with most of the great men of his time, it is very improbable that he was long or desperately in love with Laura, or any other Italian gipsy, chaste, or unchaste.

The *legitimate* pretensions of these little volumes to the favour of the *rational* reader are the softness, sweetness, and simplicity of *Our Lady of Liverpool's* style, and above all, the pious, the philosophical, and the literary character of Petrarch, who, like ERASMUS, amid innumerable cares and perplexities in sickness and in sorrow, always found time to do his duty and to do it well. *In Life's visit*, he has *left his name*; and his Italian and Latin works, in despite of the sneers of Gibbon, are a perennial monument not merely of his invincible Industry, but of the fertility of his Genius, the variety of his Learning, and the dexterity of his Wit.

From the last and seventh edition of this fascinating work, Messrs. Finley and Hopkins, two young gentlemen of literary taste in this city, have printed a very neat and commodious edition. Of the extensiveness of its circulation we have no doubt, as it is a book both cheap and popular, and as it exhibits a very graceful portrait of a learned, a good, and a great man, who acted a much more important part on the Stage of Life, than that of a whining *Amoroso*, or a woful Sonnetteer. Some half a dozen of his *fourteen-stringed* verses may be read, and, perhaps, admired by a genuine disciple of the *Concetti* school, but most of Petrarch's compositions of this character, as well as the *fanatic* sonnets of John Milton, are scarcely looked at now, except by the *old women* of Literature. Petrarch's copious literature, and not his unmanly wailing has given him a rank among eminent authors; and Milton's Muse, when drudging over rugged sonnets to a sectary, is certainly as awkwardly employed as Queen Elizabeth or the Empress of Russia, discovered darning stockings, or stooping over a wash-tub.

THE SENTENTIOUS, OR SERIOUS WORLD.

(*Continued from page* 133.)

Do not attempt to be a public speaker unless you have a clear voice and a clear head.

During a fit of musical ecstasy, every nerve of the human body is in motion, and this may account for the power of Music over Melancholy.

However astonishing it may appear, it is certain that a mite in cheese is as regularly organized as an elephant.

Do not accustom yourself to swear. There are words enough in the English language sufficiently expressive of all our passions.

Riding the managed horse and fencing are noble and manly exercises. They give an elevation of mind that only belongs to a polished gentleman.

Be abstemious two days in a week. This is a good catholic doctrine, and most useful in a country where animal food is abundant.

Men who are prodigal of their promises are mostly misers of their performance.

Never attempt to execute anything in public, unless you can perform it well in private.

Out of a great number of bare elbows, not above one pair in ten ought to make their appearance in public.

When you are in doubt about a thing, sleep one night upon it, and probably you will awake with a clear determination.

When you are disposed to be serious, you will often find your thoughts disturbed by an Invisible Power. Repel that Power, and, in time, you will gain a victory.

When you have seen other countries, you will then know what value to affix to your own.

When you find yourself out of humour, drink three glasses of wine; but, if your bad humour be occasioned by wine, then drink as many draughts of cold water.

A young man who has gamed away his fortune is not without his use; he stands as a guide-post, that with an extended finger directs the road to ruin.

Take away your expensive follies, and you will have little reason to complain of hard times.

Of all men a lounger is least to be envied. His mind has lost all activity, and he is never happy but when he goes to bed.

A woman should never take a lover without the consent of her heart, or a husband without the approbation of her reason.

Long habits reconcile us to every thing. A criminal, when liberated, finds it difficult to sleep without his fetters.

Apostates are anxious to prove the sincerity of their conversion by the violence of their conduct.

A wise man, who marries a fool, dines alone all the days of his life.

Nothing can be so truly uncomfortable as an old bachelor, who has not a maiden sister to take care of him.

When you have the misfortune to get drunk, go quietly to bed, and do not venture into sober company, to show how sober you are.

Forget nothing but the injuries done to you.

Never borrow money to pay the expenses of a country excursion. If you have not the cash, stay at home.

"Mind what I say, and not what I do," is *not* the doctrine of an apostle.

If Solomon had meant his song as a representation of the church of Christ, he would have sung a more decent one.

Green and blue are the two colours that are the most pleasant to the eye of man.

It is hard upon a reviewer to be obliged to wade through the mud of Grub-street every month in the year, though he now and then has a pleasant walk in Kensington Gardens.

The more exalted you are, the more you will be observed. Your conduct should therefore be correct, to bear its being viewed on all sides; but if you be determined to care for nobody then nobody will care for you.

A merry man at table brings as many good things out of his mouth as he puts into it.

If a literary man can prepare a work in twelve months, he should bestow two months of the time in polishing it.

You may employ any man to buy a horse for you, but choose a wife for yourself

When you suspect a man to have a bad heart, avoid him as you would a mad dog.

If you be a young man of abilities, though you may not, at first, succeed in your profession, you may boldly look forward to better times.

Gentleness on the part of the husband, and obedience on the part of the wife, fills the house with love and harmony.

There is as much to be gained by thinking as by reading.

In northern countries, snow is sent by Providence as a great coat to the earth.

There is no character so truly respectable as a benevolent clergyman.

Accustom yourself to the readiest method of finding out passages in particular books.

Hearing and seeing are so necessary to our happiness that Providence has bestowed upon us a double set of organs for that purpose.

When a mountebank and his fool are surrounded by a gaping crowd, they are perhaps the only two wise men in the company.

Call off your mind from *too much* attention to serious subjects, and refresh it now and then with a country excursion.

The great art of living is to know how to time things well. It is a study, and not to be acquired in a moment.

Avoid being of a captious temper; and never think yourself affronted, but when the affront, or slight, is apparent.

Booksellers are the midwives of the Muses.

Authors are the worst judges of their own works, and so are physicians of their own complaints.

Irresolute people always find a lion or a bear in their way.

Expel a factious man from his own country and he will still continue to be the same creature wherever he goes.

A man who cannot govern himself is but ill qualified to govern others.

A man, who vainly attempts to please every body, will at last find that he has pleased nobody,

Be faithful to your God, be loyal to your Prince, be affectionate to your family, be honest in your dealings, be kind to your friends, and you will stand firm as a rock in the midst of a tempestuous ocean.

If you search diligently after Truth, you may be sure of her meeting you half way.

If you can once bring your mind to a due observance of Sunday, you may safely leave the regulations of the other days to themselves.

Never take a thing for granted, when it is in your power to reduce it to absolute certainty.

That system of logic, which consists not in abstruse terms, or argumentative subtlety, but in the manly exercise of the rational powers, justly claims an important place in every system of education.

If a great man look *down* upon you, dont look *up* to him.

(*To be continued.*)

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ON THE CHARACTER OF POLONIUS.

In the last number of The Port Folio (page 135) appeared a short critique on the character of Polonius, which will not fail to arrest the attention of the lovers of the drama. It was published under the title of "*An Author's Evenings.*" With the general style and manner of that paper, no judge of *composition* can be otherwise than pleased, for the pen of the chaste scholar and the man of taste is discoverable in them to every eye. But of the sentiments which the paper contains, and the principles which it advocates, we think no judge of *Shakspeare* can possibly approve.

The general, we might almost say the uniform opinion of players, commentators, and critics, appears to have hitherto been, that Pololonius, though a favourite courtier, and an officer of the royal household, was notwithstanding a dotard in thought, and a buffoon in action. And such he has been universally represented on the stage. The avowed object of our "Author," in one of his evening exercises, has been, to vindicate the character of the "good old man" from these heavy and humiliating charges, and to prove, in opposition to the whole school of Shakspeare, that he was "a sage, a scholar, and an accomplished statesman," a courtier, not only possessing, but richly meriting the ear and confidence of Claudius, the profligate usurper of the throne of Denmark, who is declared, in the same page, to be a man of "talents and discernment." An enterprize by a solitary individual, so

difficult and hazardous in itself, and directly in the face of such a host of opponents, whatever its fate and issue may be, has something in its character gallant and chivalrous.

Our "Author," though no doubt a man of great candour, has certainly, in the present instance, thought proper, cavalier like, to come forward as the partial and decided champion, rather than the rigid analyser of the character of Polonius. To this he may have been led by that instinctive and reverential regard for grey hairs, which the noble and generous mind is proud to cherish. And if so, we honour his motive, however glaring the errors into which it may have led him.

It will not, we think, be denied, even by our "Author" himself, that he has treated the subject in a manner altogether *ex parte*—that, like an experienced counsellor, he has selected his evidence, carefully keeping out of view every thing except what he considered well calculated to promote the interest of his client. He cannot, therefore, take it amiss, should we, in imitation of his example, endeavour to make an unmingled display of the principal evidence on the other side of the question. As he has tasked his whole ingenuity in emblazoning the lights, he will suffer us to expose the shades of the picture. It is in this way that the public will be best enabled to judge for themselves, and ultimately to act the part of an impartial and a competent umpire.

The first proof we shall offer from Shakspeare, that there was something very strikingly defective in the character of Polonius, is the very line, which our "Author" has chosen for the motto of his paper. "Follow," says Hamlet to the players, when about to dismiss them,

"Follow that lord, (pointing to Polonius) and look you mock him not."

Now, whence, we beg leave to ask, is the necessity—where, indeed, is even the propriety of this admonition to civility and respectful treatment, had there not been, in the character of Polonius, something worthy of *mockery?* Something calculated to call forth the sneers of ridicule, and give keener points to the shafts of satire?—something greatly beneath the dignity of the venerable sage, the profound scholar, the polished courtier, and the accomplished statesman? Had Polonius been distinguished for either of these attributes of character, much more for all of them, as our "Author" alleges to have been the case; surely the players could have needed no admonition from Hamlet, not to assail him with ridicule or mockery. Enlightened, polished, and dignified old age, is a never-failing guaranty for respectful treatment throughout the world. Hamlet's caution, then, to the players. in relation to Polonius, may be thus correctly paraphrased. "Although that lord, to whose attentions I have recommended you, is superannuated, garrulous and weak; and although the style of his manners by no

means corresponds to the elevation of his rank; yet, as you will be in the constant reception of civilities from him, and as his proximity to the throne gives him weight in society, it will be most becoming, as well as most prudent in you, to treat him with respect."

On many occasions in the course of the drama, do we find the "good old man," as the queen styles him (for in no instance, we believe, does any one venture to call him either *wise* or *great*) on many occasions, do we find him engaged in weaving a puerile and low-bred web of words, alike inconsistent with manly sense and dignity of deportment. A most memorable instance of this kind occurs, where he undertakes to make known to the king and queen of Denmark, the important and profound discovery which he fancies he has made, relative to the cause of Hamlet's madness. While their majesties are almost consuming under a feverish anxiety to be made acquainted with the long-wished-for and interesting secret, the Lord Chamberlain appears before them, and foolishly prefaces his communication with a harangue more oppressively and impertinently circumlocutory, than anything to be found in the English language. Instead of promptly telling them that Hamlet's madness arose from the vehemence of his passion for the fair Ophelia, he accosts them in the following irrelevant and fulsome string of flourishes.

My liege, and madam, to expostulate
What majesty should be, what duty is,
Why day is day, night night, and time is time,
Were nothing but to waste night, day and time.
Therefore,—since brevity is the soul of wit,
And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,—
I will be brief: Your noble son is mad:
Mad call I it; for, to define true madness,
What is it, but to be nothing else but mad?
But let that go.

Queen. (Impatiently) More matter, with less art!

Polonius. Madam, I swear I use no art at all—
That he is mad, 'tis true: 'tis true, 'tis pity;
And pity 'tis 'tis true, a foolish figure;
But farewell it, for I will use no art.
Mad let us grant him, then: and now remains,
That we find out the cause of this effect;
Or, rather say, the cause of this defect;
For this effect, defective, comes by cause:
Thus it remains, and the remainder thus perpend.
I have a daughter; have, whilst she is mine;
Who, in her duty and obedience, mark,
Hath given me this: (*producing a letter from Hamlet to Ophelia*)
Now gather and surmise,

This long-winded effusion of sterling nonsense needs no remarks. Comment would only weaken the sentiments of contempt, which the original awakens in the mind of the reader. We are at a loss to say whether the whole exordium would seem to be characterized most strongly by the garrulity of age or the incoherence of ebriety. It would have come much more in character from the king's jester, than from his time-worn Chamberlain and privy Counsellor.

Equally undignified, quaint, and silly, is the following account given by Polonius of Hamlet's progress towards insanity, when wounded in his affection for the beauteous Ophelia. The young prince, says he, when repulsed, first

> Fell into a sadness; then into a fast;
> Thence to a watch; thence into a weakness;
> Thence to a lightness; and, by this declension,
> Into the madness wherein he now raves,
> And we all mourn for.

Precisely of the same character is the light, frothy, and ludicrous statement, the old man gives to Hamlet, of the extensive and versatile talents of the players, who had come to Elsineur to perform for his amusement. They are, says he,

> The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical—tragical-pastoral, scene undividable, or poem unlimited: Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light: For the law of writ and liberty, these are the only men.

A disposition to boast of our discernment, acquirements, or exploits, is certainly in no degree characteristic of wisdom, good-breeding, or dignity of mind. On the other hand, it belongs more peculiarly either to an original weakness of intellect, or to a weakness induced by the ravages of time. In either case, it sinks the man beneath the sage, the scholar, or the statesman. Yet, on many occasions is this boastfulness of disposition strikingly manifested by the superannuated and garrulous Chamberlain of Claudius. Thus, still dwelling on the profoundness and importance of his supposed discovery relative to the insanity of the young prince, he says,

> And I do think (*or else this brain of mine*
> *Hunts not the trail of policy so sure*
> *As it hath used to do*) that I have found
> The very cause of Hamlet's madness.

And again, addressing the king on the same subject, he pompously asks,

> Hath there been a time (*I'd fain know that*)
> That I have positively said, *'tis so*,
> When it proved otherwise?

So much, then, for the internal evidence of mental imbecility, and an *undignified*, not to say, a *buffoon-like* deportment, exhibited by Polonius in his own person. And, were it necessary, I need not remark to the student of Shakspeare, that further evidence of a similar tendency might be easily adduced.

But the opinion of Shakspeare himself relative to the character of the Chamberlain, must unquestionably be regarded as conclusive on the subject. Nor is that opinion by any means difficult to be known. The young prince Hamlet is by far the most enlightened, discerning, and profound of all the personages introduced to our notice in the course of the play. When his intellect, therefore, is neither perverted by the excess of his sensibility, nor darkened by the clouds of his passions, his sentiments may be regarded as the sentiments of Shakspeare. This is fact, not speculation; for, on almost every subject of importance, Hamlet is employed as the organ to communicate to the public the views of the poet. Witness the sentiments uttered by him in his interview with his mother, his directions to the players, his reflections at the grave of Yorick, with a thousand other instances that will immediately present themselves to the votaries of Shakspeare.

What, then, was the opinion of the ingenuous and accomplished young prince, relative to the character of the aged Polonius? did he regard him as an enlightened sage, a profound scholar, a polished courtier, or an accomplished statesman? No: he did not. We need scarcely remark, that the very reverse of this is true. In every instance he depicts and treats him as an intrusive, weak, and troublesome dotard—as an old man, whose meddling disposition, and undignified deportment, destroyed entirely that respect, in point of both sentiment and conduct, which we are commanded by duty, and prompted by inclination, to cherish and practise towards the hoary-headed sire. In proof of this assertion the following facts are deemed amply sufficient.

Prince Hamlet, in one of his fits of pretended madness, is amusing himself with a book. Polonius, advancing towards him, abruptly and perhaps impertinently, interrogates him as to the subject of the work he is so attentively perusing. To this offensive question the prince, in obvious derision of the chamberlain, sarcastically replies,

"Slander, Sir. For the satirical rogue says here, that old men have grey beards; that their faces are wrinkled; their eyes purging thick amber and

plumb-tree gum; and that they have *a plentiful lack of wit*, together with most weak hams."

Now, taking into view the whole texture and disposition of Hamlet's mind, it is clear, even to demonstration, that these sarcasms are not meant as a sneer at old age in general (for such an act would be unworthy of the noble-minded prince;) but merely as a picture of the old man Polonius.

In another conversation with the Lord Chamberlain, Hamlet remarks to him,

"My Lord, you played once in the University, you say.

Polonius. That I did, my Lord; and was accounted a good actor.

Hamlet. And what did you enact?

Polonius. I did enact Julius Cæsar. I was killed i' the Capitol. Brutus killed me.

Hamlet. It was, indeed, a brute part of him to kill *so capital a calf.*

The young prince again manifests his contempt for the superannuated courtier, in the following manner:

(*Hamlet to Polonius.*) "Do you see yonder cloud that's almost in shape of a camel?

Polonius. By the mass, and 'tis like a camel, indeed.

Hamlet. Methinks 'tis like a weasel.

Polonius. It is backed like a weasel.

Hamlet. Or, like a whale?

Polonius. Very like a whale.

Lastly, in the memorable scene with his mother, Hamlet mistaking Polonius for the infamous usurper of his father's throne, rushes on him in his concealment, and despatches him with his sword. On discovering his mistake, though he evidently repents of the fatal deed, he, notwithstanding, thus apostrophizes the lifeless body of the chamberlain:

Thou wretched, rash, *intruding fool*, farewell!
. . . . . Take thy fortune:
Thou find'st that to be *too busy* is some danger.

Such, then, are the intimations (and surely they are too clear and too forcible not to be understood) which, through the medium of Hamlet, Shakspeare himself has given us with regard to the character of Polonius, But if *he* painted and considered him as an intrusive, weak, and trifling old man, not even the wand of Prospero himself could metamorphose him into a sage, a scholar, and a statesman.

But perhaps it may be asked, How is it possible that a character such as we have just described, should be capable of inculcating a

system of advice so sound, wholesome, and practical, as that given by Polonius to his son Laertes, on his departure for France?

To this we answer, that a capability of dealing out readily and in great abundance, sentiments and maxims of that terse form and proverbial character, which mark the advice of Polonius to his son, is by no means a proof of a very exalted intellect; it is rather a sign of some experience and some observation, connected with a peculiar turn of mind. No one, we believe will suspect Sancho Panza, squire and companion to the knight of La Mancha, to have been either a scholar, a man of talents, a sage or a statesman. Nor was he a person of polished manners and a dignified deportment. On the other hand, his general character is evidentlythat of a simpleton and a zany. Yet we will venture to assert, that many of his remarks and proverbial sayings are pregnant with as much sound sense and practical wisdom, as any that ever escaped from the lips of Polonius. Indeed, while governor in the island of Barataria, we are of opinion that some of his decisions far surpassed anything ever achieved by the Chamberlain of Claudius.

Our "Author" in one part of his critique, very emphatically asks, "Can it for an instant be imagined by any brain of firmer texture than that of a piddling commentator, or a skipping scaramouch of the stage, that the King of Denmark, who appears to be by no means deficient in talents, or in the discernment of character, should lavish such encomium and repose such confidence on *Polonius* a *fool*, a *dotard* and a *mountebank?*"

To this we reply, that we can discover no ground whatever for regarding either the favours, the praises, or the confidence of king Claudius, as the slightest evidence of talents, worth, or wisdom. On the other hand, we think we discover most potent reasons for suspecting the characters of those on whom the bounties of the usurper were bestowed. For, instead of drawing good and great men around him, his beastly dissipation and abominable vices were calculated to banish them entirely from his court, and fill up their places with wretches like himself. It can scarcely be believed, that the heaven-denounced fratricide, and the incestuous polluter of his brother's bed, would select for his companions and counsellors the worthies of the nation. Accordingly we find the court of Claudius composed entirely of such characters as Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, and Ostrick, of the latter of whom Hamlet had so contemptible an opinion, that he declared it was even "a vice to know him." From the friendship and confidence of the usurper then, the Chamberlain derives no shadow of claim to regard, either for the soundness of his head or the virtues of his heart.

On carefully analysing the whole character of Polonius, we evidently discover in it more buffoonery than wit, more cunning than wisdom, and more of the obsequious and time-serving courtier, than of

the enlightened, dignified, and independent statesman. Had he been really the man our "Author" declares him to have been, he would never have forsaken the fortunes of the noble Hamlet, and attached himself to those of an incestuous fratricide.

But however humbly we think of the character of this superannuated courtier, we notwithstanding fully concur with its learned and generous champion, in reprobating the manner in which it is usually represented on the stage. Consigned to one of the *petty underlings* of the drama, it never fails to be rendered much more contemptible and disgusting than comports with the views of its immortal author. For, to play the unqualified buffoon in every situation, to "out-Herod Herod," and to extort the empty applause of the "*million*" by doing violence to nature and nature's laws, constitutes not only the sole capacity, but even the study and delight, of these spurious pretenders to the sock and the buskin.

C.

AN AUTHOR'S EVENINGS——FOR THE PORT FOLIO

In a late number of the Monthly Magazine, a poem, in eccentric metre, like that of Clement Marot, La Fontaine, and Dr. Walcott, is published under the title of a "Nosegay, a simile for the Reviewers," and is ascribed to "the late Rev. Lawrence Sterne." This is a gross blunder. The satire in question was written by John Hall Stevenson, Esq. and is published under the head, I think, of Fables for grown Gentlemen, in a collection of his works, three volumes crown duodecimo. It is not altogether impertinent to add, that this writer's poems, though sometimes polluted with trash and ribaldry, display invention, wit, and humour, and unquestionably gave rise to the mode of versification, adopted by Peter Pindar, which has been strangely supposed to be entirely *original!*

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We think it perfectly amazing that Mr. Pope should be such a favourite with the ladies, when not Juvenal himself has expressed himself with more virulence at their expense, than the bard of Twickenham. Not to mention that famous line, in which he denies all *charac-*

ter to the sex; not to mention the *infamous* passages, where he calumniates the accomplished Montague, there is a remarkable proof of his acerbity, as well as total want of candour, in one of those poems, which he chooses to call *Moral* Epistles. He is elaborately and exquisitely describing the versatile powers and lust of applause, so conspicuous in the character of a modern Alcibiades. The poet takes this occasion, and by no means in the spirit of a knight errant, to introduce certain *charmers* into very strange society.

> Wharton! the scorn and wonder of our days,
> Whose only passion was the lust of praise,
> Born with whate'er could *win* it from *the wise*,
> *Women* and *fools* must like him, or he dies.

—

It is perfectly amazing that many names should be inscribed on the rolls of literature in France, instead of being *set down* as mere *units* in some ephemeral Mercury of the mode, or some almanac for the use of old women. We will always abstain from every thing like censure, touching the Augustan age of Louis XIV, but in the succeeding reigns, a number of superficial, not to say illiterate men, were strangely crowned with laurel, instead of being branded for ignorance. Many a *philopher* has not understood even the elements of science, and the doors of academies have been expanded to receive mere mountebanks, who should have harangued to no other auditors, than the gaping crowd at a fair.

Marmontel, describing the character of the count de Caylus, says very happily, what may amply illustrate the position. He gave himself importance for the most futile merit and the most trivial of talents. He attached the highest value to his minute researches and his antique gewgaws. He concealed a very adroit and refined vanity and a most imperious pride, under the rough and simple form in which he had the art of enveloping it. Supple and pliant among the courtiers and placemen, on whom the artists depended, he obtained a credit with the former whose influence was dreaded by the latter. He insinuated himself into the company of men of erudition, and persuaded them to compose memoirs on the gimcracks, which he had bought of some broker. He made a splendid collection of this trumpery, which he called antique. He proposed prizes on Isis and Osiris, in order to have the air of being himself initiated in their mysteries; and, with this *charlatanism* of learning, he crept into the academies, *without knowing either Latin or Greek*. He had so often said, he had so often published, by those

whom he paid to praise him, that in architecture he was the restorer of the *simple style*, of *simple beauty*, and *beautiful simplicity*, that the ignorant believed it; and by his correspondence with the *Dilettanti*, he made himself pass in Italy and many other parts of Europe for a sort of inspirer of the fine arts. I felt for him, therefore, that species of natural antipathy, which ingenuous and honest men always feel for *impostors*.

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The science of pure and mixed mathematics has been derided in moments of levity by the petulance of wit and with the acrimony of censure. It has been sometimes plausibly urged that mathematics render us too careless of moral evidence, and that the diagrams of Euclid are destructive to the sallies of Pleasantry and the inventions of Imagination. This theory seems to be perfectly overthrown by the example of Dr. Arburthnot, who was unquestionably the wittiest man of his age, and one of the most original writers of any age. He was not only a profound mathematician, but wrote a most acute and eloquent defence of his favourite science. D'Alembert and several of the French geometricians were remarkable for the variety of their attainments, and for their admirable combination of the profound with the playful. Mathematics, therefore, must not be shut out of the company of the Sciences, but permitted to have a share in learned conversation. Only let us take care, as her phrase is very precise and her tone extremely dictatorial, that she do not absolutely engross the whole talk to herself. For, after all, though to have a slight acquaintance with her is an enviable privilege, yet it is incomparably better to know her as a transient mistress, than as a constant wife. In the latter case, her dominion is too absolute and jealous, and she too often shuts the door in the face of every visitor. The example is before us. W. is a man of sense, a man of principle, and a man of prudence. His decent circumspection qualifies him for a good house carpenter. He has all the diligence of a Dutchman, and all the geometry of the schools, but all his ideas may be inscribed within the narrowest circle of his compass!

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The *conversation* of Dr. Johnson, as we learn from all his contemporaries, was frequently enlivened by Wit and Humour, but, in his *writings*, the solemn, for the most part, predominates over the playful. Even in his Idler, where it was absolutely necessary that he should unbend, and become a fine frolicksome fellow, his merriment is of an awkward and constrained character, and his forced laughter is almost

as uncouth as the jocularity of a *New England* deacon. But in his preface to Shakspeare, where he is expressing all his contempt for the commentators,

> From slashing Bentley down to piddling *Tibbalds*,

he indulges himself in a strain of sarcastic drollery, of which neither Aristophanes, nor the Edinburg reviewers might lawfully be ashamed.

"If my readings are of little value, they have not been ostentatiously displayed, or importunately obtruded. I could have written longer notes, for the art of writing notes is not of difficult attainment. The work is performed first, by railing at the stupidity, negligence, ignorance, and asinine tastelessness of the former editors, and showing, from all that goes before and all that follows, the inelegance and absurdity of the old reading; then by proposing something, which, to superficial readers, would seem specious, but which the editor rejects with indignation; then by producing the true reading, with a long paraphrase, and concluding with loud acclamations on the discovery, and a sober wish for the advancement and prosperity of genuine criticism."

—

Milton, in a sort of rapture, exclaims

> Let me wander, *not unseen*,
> By hedgerow elms, o'er hillocks green.

Although the poet is delineating the habits and humours of a cheerful and social man, yet it is difficult to conceive why such a pedestrian, in a morning ramble through groves and gardens, should want a *witness* of his delight, or a *spy* upon his pleasures. If the bard had said *quite* unseen, we think the costume of his *merry man* would not have been violated. But Milton, sublime and beautiful as he undoubtedly is, must always acknowledge a master even in his own art; and one, in the delineation of manners and character, incomparably his superior. Take, for example, one of the initial scenes of Romeo and Juliet. Lady Montague, the anxious mother of a romantic son, desperately in love with Rosalind, very tenderly inquires of her kinsman, the bland Benvolio,

> Where is Romeo? saw you him today?

to which his friend replies, in one of the softest and sweetest of Shakspeare's speeches,

> Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun
> Peep'd from the golden windows of the East,

A *troubled mind* drove me to walk abroad,
Where, underneath the grove of sycamore,
That westward rooteth from the city's side,
So early walking did I see your son:
Towards him I made; but he was 'ware of me,
And *stole into the covert* of the wood;
I, measuring his affections by my own,
That most are busied, *when they are most alone*,
Pursued my humour, not pursuing his,
And *gladly shunn'd*, who *gladly fled* from me.

In this highly poetical passage, the very echo of the voice of Nature and Passion, the dramatist, with admirable accuracy and the most consummate justice, describes two young gentlemen of Verona, near relations and fast friends, studiously shunning, in a contemplative walk, the company of each other. No matter, if it be said that Romeo was thinking of his mistress, and Benvolio of his studies, it was *natural* that each of them should wish to be alone. Shakspeare is assuredly right, and Milton as clearly wrong. No man *meets the sun upon the upland lawn*, or walks *under the shade of melancholy boughs*, or crops eglantine, or smells daisies, or plucks cowslips, or hearkens to the carrolling of birds, or gazes at the playfulness of lambs, with any desire that either boys, or clowns, or milkmaids should remark his rapture. Such a *rural enthusiast* chooses to be *alone*, whether his humour be *grave or mellow*, whether he be in love with Laura or with Literature.

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The following, as the delineator himself remarks, is the most extraordinary character that can be found in society. What adds to our wonder is, that this curious portrait before it was exhibited to any body else, was shown to the whimsical original, who by no means disapproved of the resemblance. It is drawn with the spirit and fidelity of La Bruyere. The painter pledges himself for the truth and accuracy of his outline, but we suspect that there is some exaggeration in the features; and as for the tints, they are obviously *couleur du rose*. Our artist proclaims himself an intimate acquaintance of the original, but we have endeavoured in vain to discover who he was.

Astacus is a composition the most singular in nature. The versatility of a mind full of original ideas and caprice, the agitation of his heart, the fervency of his blood, the irritation of his bile, the vivacity of his mind, the weakness of his body, altogether form an individual, who would suffice to compose half a dozen characters distinctly marked, and which altogether present a being the most extraordinary that

one could meet in society. Happily for the friends of Astacus, his ideas, his caprices, his passions have nothing offensive in them. If he is not of their opinion, he allows them to differ from his, provided they give him leave to dispute at leisure, which he does with sparkling wit, and subtle logic. If he is in love, he does not pretend that it should be to the exclusion of others. He forms a friendship with his rivals, and invites them to dinner with her he loves. His caprices put none under restraint. His ill health serves as an excuse for his eccentricities, for his deviations from the rules of society, and for his following his own inclination. He has so well established this prerogative that his friends allow it him as his right, but he makes compensation by his promptness to oblige. He gives willingly. He lends nobly. Are you anxious to be introduced to an amiable woman? Are you solicitous to gain a friend? are you desirous of an interview with an illustrious or an ingenious man? beg Astacus to procure you these advantages, and Astacus complies with alacrity.

Astacus has read much. He knows the best authors in Latin, in French, and in English. He has a natural good taste, a refined judgment without the knowledge of any one element of abstruse science. But he is not at a loss on that account; he avows his insufficiency, and makes it up by the multiplicity and frankness of his questions.

He has a great elevation of mind. The rank and riches of those with whom he associates have no weight with him. He is humane, charitable, choleric, and gentle, lively and indolent; a warm friend, a generous enemy, if it can be said that he has any enemy; impatient from constitution, indulgent from reflection, simple one moment, witty the next, rarely enjoying delight, often languishing with *ennui*, forming brilliant plans, but seldom putting any in execution.

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A very lively and intelligent Traveller, describing the delights he enjoyed during a summer visit to Chanteloup, the magnificent villa of a French nobleman, introduces a curious story, illustrating the influence of habit, and the inconstancy of a Lounger's character.

The custom at Chanteloup, after conversation or the promenade, was to retire for a few hours, each to his own apartment. This is what they called *L'avant soir*. One either passed it alone, or in making visits. The Duke used to go to his sister, the Duchess of Gramont, the Abbe Barthelemy to the Duchess of Choiseul, and the others where they pleased. We followed, in that respect, the custom at Paris, which was to pass the evenings with some friend until supper time. I have known men, who made it so much a habit, that they have been wretched if they had not a house where they could regular-

ly chat every evening. A story is told of the Duke of Nivernois, *apropos* to this subject. That nobleman was intimately acquainted with the Countess de Rochefort, and never omitted going to see her a single evening, as she was a widow, and he a widower, one of his friends observed to him that it would be more convenient for him to marry the Lady. I have often thought so, replied the Duke, but in that case, *where could I pass my evenings?*

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The Duke de Choiseul, both before and after his disgrace at Court, was a nobleman in the highest estimation for his political and social powers. Of his talents, no one ever doubted, and he was doubtless conscious of their extent and value. Men love to be commended, not so much for their Knowledge, as for their dubious qualities. Sir Robert Walpole was never more soothed, than when he was praised as a *lucky gallant;* for he probably *knew* that he was a sagacious statesman. The following striking story, which may remind the reader of the Arch Bishop of Grenada and Gil Blas, giving us a clue through one of those windings in the human heart, which TACITUS and DAVILA are the most diligent in tracing. The adroitness of a courtier, *the secrecy of a woman*, and the self-complacency of her Lord, are very happily hit off in a spirited sketch, where the mere *English* remarker may be told that the phrase *bon homme* is generally applied to a man of a simple, good natured, and credulous character.

One day as I was in the carriage with the Duchess of Choiseul and the Abbe Barthelemy, her Grace said to me, Monsieur, I have a favour to ask of you, which you must grant me. With a great deal of pleasure, said I, Madame, if the thing is in my power. So much in your power, replied she, that I do not hesitate to require your word and honour that you will do what I wish. My confidence in you, Madame, answered I, does not permit me to refuse it you. It is this, said she, you have travelled a great deal; you have seen a great deal, and I believe that I shall not be wrong if I say that you understand mankind well. I am curious to know what you think of the Duke, my husband, of his particular character. I know that you are sincere, and to put your delicacy at ease, I promise you, if you desire it, that it shall be a secret between us. I would have excused myself, by saying that it did not become me to judge of the Duke de Choiseul, but the Duchess insisted. She had obtained my word, and required me to keep it. Well, Madam, said I, since you will be obeyed, I will endeavour to comply. You do not expect from me that I should describe the political character of the Duke. It is for Europe to decide on that. I shall only speak of what strikes me most particularly about him in

society. Now, although he has a great deal of sense and wit, it is not on those accounts that he appears amiable. It is rather for a quality, which we rarely see united with wit. In short, in one word, I like the Duke, because he is a good sort of man, *un bon homme*. What, truly now, said she, with vivacity, do you think him *un bon homme?* Yes, replied I, he has sense and wit enough to bear the epithet without running any risk of the interpretation, which is commonly given to it. *Mon Dieu!* cried she, clapping her hands together, what pleasure you give me, by saying so. We had scarcely returned before she run to the apartment of her husband *to tell him our conversation;* and when before dinner I appeared in the drawing room, he came up to me, and shaking me by the hand, said softly, I am delighted that you think me a good sort of man, and I beg you to believe that I am truly sensible of the compliment.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MY POCKET BOOK.—NO. III.

Quicquid agunt homines—nostri est farrago libelli.

"*Pay me that thou owest.*" Matt. xviii. 28.

I HAVE often been surprised, that among the numberless sermons which I have either read, or heard delivered, I have never met with one on the above text of Scripture, which, in my opinion, is as pregnant with useful instruction—and instruction highly necessary too—as any text from Genesis to Revelations. A little reflection on the affairs of the world will convince any intelligent man, that no small portion of the misery as well as of the wickedness of mankind arises from a neglect of this imperious injunction. Thousands, nay, millions of the sons of Adam are robbed of the most solid enjoyments of existence, by the detention of the fruits of their industry, or the price of their property, which they have parted with in reliance upon the honour of the employer or the purchaser.

There is but one valid apology for not paying money when it is due; and that is, not having it to pay. But of the numbers of men who shamefully protract the time of payment, how many there are, who possess

the means, and only want the will, to pay their engagements? How thoughtless must it be, not to say criminal, to make a creditor call so often, that he has more trouble to get the money when due, than he had to earn it! an ancient sage declared it as a maxim with respect to favours and benefits, *bis dat, qui cito dat;* he gives twice, who gives quickly. This is almost equally true with respect to debts. Money, which, if paid when earned, would have rendered the most essential service, may come so late, as to be of little value.

I state a fact for the consideration of those persons prone to this miserable practice. A worthy man in this city, on whom a most estimable family depended for support, had a just demand of sixty dollars against a wealthy citizen, about the commencement of the fever of 1793. He wished to remove from the fell destroyer—but depended on this debt entirely for the means. He danced attendance daily on the rich man, who was often denied, and, when seen, amused him with some paltry pretence or other. The reader probably anticipates the catastrophe of the story. The creditor was seized with the fever—perished after a very short illness—and left his wife, his child, his mother-in-law, and two or three of her children to struggle with adversity in a hard and unfeeling world!

I have seen in an English paper, an account of a servant who advertised for a place, and among his other qualifications, asserted that he was the real inventor of the unanswerable *put-off* to an importunate dun—*Call on Monday, and I'll tell you when to call again.* To some folks a servant of this description would be invaluable.

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" While words of learned strength, and thundering sound
" Amaz'd the gazing rustics rang'd around.

It has become fashionable of late to apply words of "*thundering sound*," to designate very plain and simple things, which, if they had the powers they possessed in the days of Æsop, would be startled at the dress they appear in. A cookery book, lately imported from London, bears the very pompous title of

Culina famulatrix Medicina—

Many an ignorant epicure, who would be willing enough to avail himself of the savoury prescriptions contained within, would shun the book, under an apprehension it contained, perhaps, some of the lost books of "*Livvee*, or *Firgil*, or *Blueturk*."*

* See George Alexander Steevens's song of "*Novids* and *Blueturks*, and such kind of folk."

When I first saw the "*Pestalozzian School*" announced in our papers, I supposed it was quite in the same style. But after some fruitless inquiries I at length learned, to my satisfaction, that the title was bestowed merely from a very laudable desire to give due honour to a Mr. Pestalozzi, who is said to have made some very valuable improvements in the all-important science of education.

—

Hudibras again.

In my first number I took some notice of the lines beginning

The man who fights, and runs away, &c.

which I asserted were not to be found in Hudibras. They are, however, only an amplification of a couplet actually in that book:

"For those that fly may fight again,
"Which he can never do, that's slain."

—

Fame and Merit disproportioned.

It is a truth, humiliating in a high degree to human nature, that merit and fame are frequently, perhaps generally, very disproportioned to each other. Numberless minute circumstances, wholly unconnected with intrinsic merit, or the want of merit, decide without a possibility of appeal upon the reception of a writer with the world—and either consign his productions to oblivion, when they richly deserve a better fate—or else give them a celebrity to which they have no claim. If a man belongs to the prevailing party in a nation, and offers incense to their ruling passions and prejudices, his production is exalted to the third heaven—the writer is ranked among the most celebrated geniuses—and honours, influence, and more solid profit await him. But if he were to write with the pen of an angel, and to deliver the most sacred and solemn truths, in opposition to the opinions and prejudices of the mass of the community, he would incur a risk of immolation—he might starve in a garret or a cellar, and his work would be anathematized, and consigned to oblivion.

It is very true that posterity frequently reverses these arbitrary and unjust decrees. But it is equllay true, that this is by no means universally done. When a wretched production has been elevated to a degree of celebrity to which it has really no claim, posterity issues its sentence of condemnation, and the pampered child of party or faction is consigned to "the tomb of the Capulets." But I am sorry to be

obliged to assert that justice is not by any means so frequently done on the other side of the question. When a valuable work has been damned, to borrow a theatrical phrase, by the means above stated, or by those miserable and degrading combinations that sometimes dishonour the republic of letters, the decree is too often as irrevocable as the laws of the Medes and Persians. We take the verdicts of condemnation pronounced by our ancestors upon trust. We have not leisure to examine the evidence. It is too troublesome. But the verdicts of approbation we investigate, and frequently repeal. This is a mortifying view of human nature. Perhaps it is an unjust one. But I am afraid it is but too true.

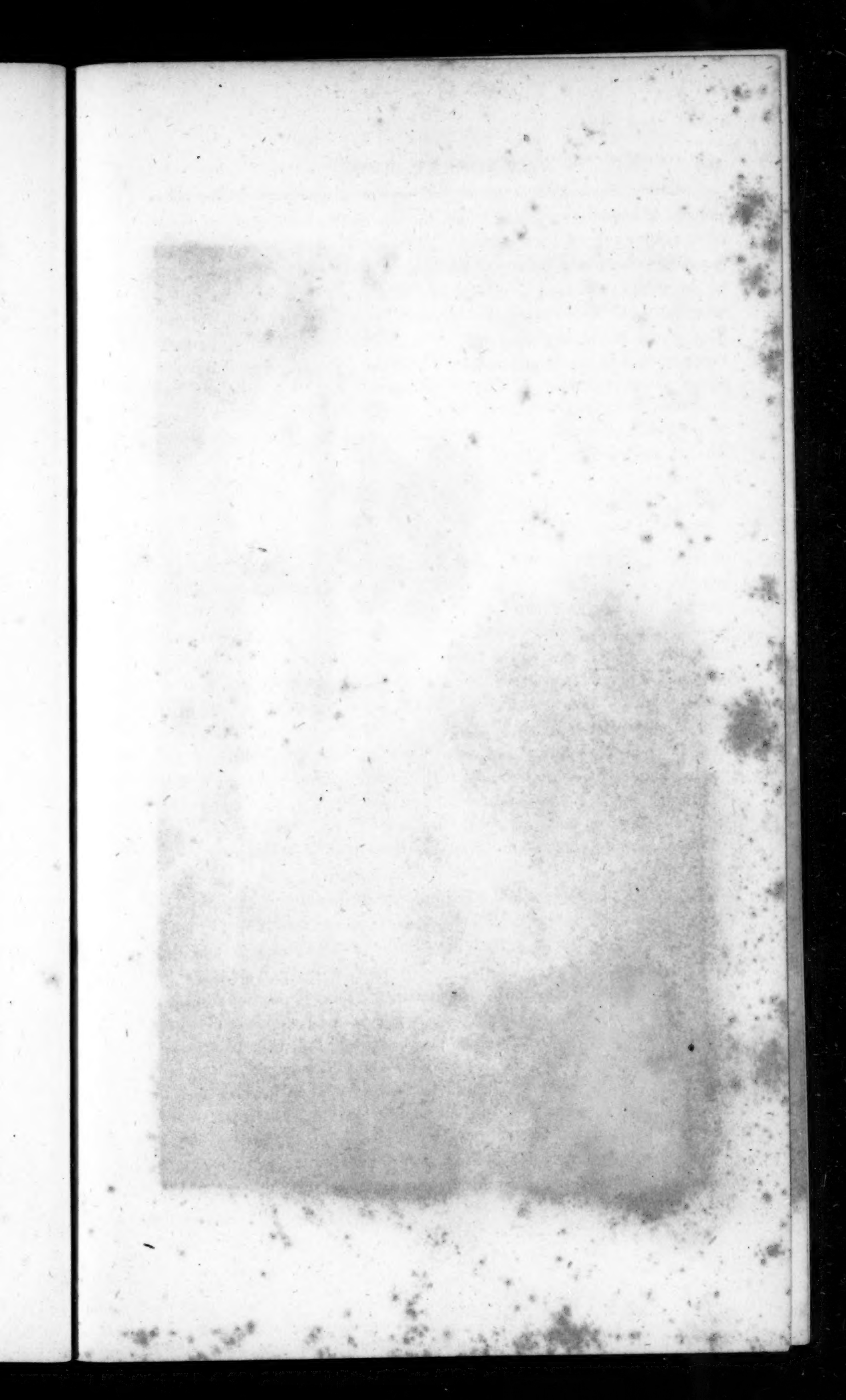
—

Montesquieu's Spirit of Laws.

Some part of the preceding remarks applies to this work. But far be it from me to say that it is a work devoid of merit. This would be extreme injustice, of which I trust I am incapable. There is obviously, almost throughout, discoverable a benevolent spirit, an elaborate research, and generally a profound investigation. The work, as the author says in his preface, was the fruit of twenty years application. And many parts of it prove that the twenty years were not misapplied. Those parts are worthy of immortality.

O si sic omnia! But, alas! this is not the case. The whole of the chapters on the effect of climate upon the manners and customs of nations, are as crude and unfounded, as any paradoxes that ever appeared. According to the theory of Montesquieu upon this subject, to ascertain the manners and customs, the vices or the virtues of nations, hardly any thing more would be necessary than to examine the map, and ascertain the longitude and latitude of the country. This would remove all difficulty on the subject—at all events it, would be a much more easy mode of decision, than any other that could be adopted.

That such a glaring absurdity could have escaped *such a writer* is wonderful. But it is certainly still more wonderful that a work disfigured with that absurdity, could have enjoyed so unbounded a degree of applause as the Spirit of Laws has for so very long a period. Until Dr. Gregory undertook the easy task of exposing the fallacy of the positions of Montesquieu in this instance, I believe they were received with as implicit a degree of reverence as in days of yore were the predictions of the Delphic oracle. Those who have not read the Doctor's essay on this subject are invited to a rich intellectual repast, which is calculated to gratify the highest anticipations they may form of the entertainment.



Drawn by Alex.r Robertson. *Engraved by P. Maverick, N.Y.*

NEAR BERTHIER ON THE St LAWRENCE.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

DESCRIPTION OF THE "VIEW ON THE ST. LAWRENCE."

THE shores of the St. Lawrence, one of the most noble rivers in the world, are rich in beautiful and picturesque scenery. Its majestic breadth, interspersed with numerous woody islands, the train of glittering towns and villages that adorn its banks, and the diversified appearance of the adjacent country, present a perpetual succession of grand and varying prospects to the voyager of taste, whom pleasure or business may lead to navigate its waters.

The annexed view, which by the favour of a friend, we are enabled to present to the readers of The Port Folio, exhibits the appearance of the river near Berthier, or Barthier, a small place on the northern shore between Montreal and Quebec; and only a few miles below the head of that remarkable expansion of the river, usually called Lac St. Pierre. Above this the stream is so crowded with islands as to render the passage, between, for large vessels, very intricate. The greatest breadth of this expansion is twelve miles, and its length twenty-four. The tide ebbs and flows within a few miles of Lac St. Pierre; but the great breadth of the water there, and the strong current that sets out from it, prevents its farther progress.

NEAR BERTHIER ON THE St LAWRENCE.

THE USEFUL ARTS.

IN consequence of a masterly publication in the Edinburg Review, the public have been recently apprized of a very valuable discovery of a mode, by which *coal gas* is substituted for the oil, commonly consumed in lamps. The experiment of *gas lights*, which has been fairly tried and fully verified both upon an ample and a contracted scale in England, we hope will be successfully tried in America. The economy of illumination, in great manufactories and in the public edifices, and public streets of a capital, is certainly a fine subject for scientific scrutiny. If factories, churches, theatres, the highway and public places could be at once safely, cheaply, wholesomely, and brilliantly illuminated; no prejudice, in favour of unsavoury oil or wax and tallow candles, ought to preclude the trial of the *gas lights*. It is distinctly stated by some of the experimentalists, that the flame of the gas is *much superior* to that of a lamp, *urged to intensity* for the purpose

of soldering, and that the flame is quicker and sharper, and is constantly ready for use. Radiance like this surely ought to be diffused, which, without poetical exaggeration, would emulate the silvery gleam of September moons.

EDITOR.

Description of an Apparatus for producing inflamable gas from pit coal, constructed by Mr. S. Clegg, Steam Engine Manufacturer, Manchester.

The apparatus, which Mr. Clegg has described in his communication to the Society for the encouragement of arts, manufactures, &c. is designed for producing gas to *light manufactories on a large scale.*

The cast iron retort, or vessel in which the coals are put to produce the gas, is of a cylindrical form, and is enclosed horizontally in a brick fire-place with one end opening outwards, in a similar manner to the iron ovens in common use; a semicylinder of cast iron is placed beneath it, to preserve its being injured by the intensity of the fire, and to make the heat more equable; the grate for the fire extends inwards about one third of the length of the retort, and the flame, after circulating over it, passes upwards through a flue above the front part of the retort; it is supposed that the cast iron shield placed beneath the retort, joins the brick work at each side, though this circumstance is not stated in the description, because this would be necessary to make the flame pass on round the further end of the retort; the mouth of the retort is closed by a lid ground to fit it air-tight, which is fastened by a screw in the centre (but what this screw turns in to draw the lid close is not mentioned) near the retort, a well or pit is sunk and filled with water for the gas-holder, or vessel for equalizing the delivery of the gas, to move in; this gas-holder is made of wrought iron plates, and is counterpoised by two weights, acting by chains, passing over pullies, fixed in a frame, at a due height above; it is of a cylindrical shape and has two frames of iron, formed like coach-wheels, placed at its extremities to strengthen it. A vessel of cast iron is placed at the bottom of the well, into which the gas passes by a pipe that proceeds from the upper part of the retort, and in it deposits the tar, oil, &c. which occasionally are pumped up from it by a pipe that rises above the well; from this vessel the gas rises upwards, by a straight pipe, into an inverted vessel, closed at top, but open below, most part of which is below the surface of the water, where it is pierced with numerous small holes through which the gas passes outwards through the water, and rises up into the gas holder: this inverted vessel is about eighteen inches diameter, and two feet long in a large apparatus; it causes the gas to be washed in the most effectual manner, and prevents all danger

of the water being drawn into the condenser or cooling the retort, as might happen if the gas pipe terminated in the water. The gas at the lower part of the gas-holder, not being so pure as that at the top, it is made to pass from the top alone by a vertical pipe in the centre, which rises and falls with the gas-holder, and reaches from the upper part to the water, and passes over a fixed pipe, rising from a second vessel at the bottom of the well, (represented in the plate, but not mentioned in the description) whence another pipe ascends close by the side of the well *to convey the gas to the lamps*, where it is burnt. The gas enters the movable pipe through small holes near its top, and thence is conveyed through the other pipes last described.

The seams of the gas-holder are luted to make them air tight, and the whole is well painted inside and out; it is sunk to a level nearly with the top of the well, before the retort is heated, but when the gas comes over on applying the fire, it gradually rises, and moves higher or lower, according as the gas is produced more or less abundantly.

The lamps, in which the gas is burned, are formed in the same manner as Argand lamps; the gas passes into the space between their inner and outer tubes by a pipe at one side; a flat ring closes the upper part of each, which is perforated with a number of small holes, through which the gas rises to the flame surrounded by a glass funnel; a small stopper, like a button, is placed so on the top of a vertical wire within the glass that it may be brought nearer or farther from the aperture of the internal tube, by which the air passes, and regulate the velocity and direction of its current; for which purpose the wire slides upwards through two cross bars placed across the inner tube. This little addition is found to assist the combustion very much and increase the light.

The dimensions of the apparatus are not mentioned in the description, but assuming the length of the inverted vessel as a standard, which is the only part whose capacity is noted in any case; the proportions of the different parts, as taken from the place, will be thus: the gas holder six feet in diameter and six and a half feet high, the retort about five feet long and one and a half in diameter, the first condenser two feet in diameter, the second immersed vessel one and a half in diameter; and the inverted vessel, or gas washer two feet long and about one foot broad: the pullies, over which the chains work, which raise the gas holder, one and a half in diameter, the well seven feet deep, the flue of the chimney nine inches across, and the space between the retort and the brick work six inches, except over the fire-place, which is eighteen inches long and ten deep.

Mr. Clegg's communication has the merit of being the first *complete* description of an apparatus of English construction, for producing coal gas, which has yet been made public, from which one might be

made without leaving the formation of any part to conjecture; with the exception of the mode in which the screw is to be applied for fastening the lid of the retort.

The gas holder alone in this apparatus seems objectionable in being made needlessly strong, as it is stated to be formed of *wrought iron* plates; and is besides strengthened by two very powerful iron frames inside, when it is not liable to any great pressure internally or externally, or to any friction which would require all this strength. For a common apparatus on a small scale, a *cask* would probably do very well for this part, as the water with which it would be always in contact, would keep it stanch. From this description an apparatus of any size, small or great, may now be constructed.

*** The public, who may wish for farther information on this interesting subject are referred to Cook's descriptions inserted in Dr. Aikin's Athenæum, *passim*; to the Transactions of the Society for Arts, where Mr. Clegg's plate may be found; and to the Philosophical Magazine. It should be remembered that the silver medal of the society for arts, &c. was presented to Mr. Clegg for this communication.

CÆLEBS IN SEARCH OF A WIFE.

A truly pious and moral work, attributed to Miss More, has recently appeared in London, and has been republished here. It describes a sort of *religious courtship*, though in language much purer than that of De Foe. Charles Cælebs, which, being interpreted means a rich *young bachelor*, is in quest of a spouse, and what will astonish the lewd rake and the mercenary fortune-hunter, he is in search of a serious good woman, who believes her Bible, and combines faith, good works, and charity. Miss More's plot is very thin. Her book is a religious exhortation, in the guise of a novel. Though the story may seem dull and tiresome, yet even the infidel man of taste may read it through for the pleasure he will derive from the originality of *many* of this christian lady's thoughts, and for the beauty and elegance of *all* her expressions.

Editor.

The Edinburg Reviewers thus criticise the work.

Cælebs wants a wife; and, after the death of his father, quits his estate in Northumberland to see the world, and to seek for one of its

best productions, a woman, who may add materially to his happiness. His first journey is to London, where, in the midst of the gay society of the metropolis, of course, he does not find a wife; and his next journey is to the family of Mr. Stanley, the head of the Methodists, where, of course, he does find a wife. The exaltation, therefore of what the authoress deems to be the religious, and the depreciation of what she considers to be the worldly character, and the influence of both upon matrimonial happiness, form the subject of this novel—rather of this *dramatic sermon.*

The machinery upon which the discourse is suspended is of the slightest, and most inartificial character, bearing every mark of haste, and possessing not the slightest claim to merit. Events there are none; and scarcely a character of any interest. The book is intended to convey religious advice; and no more labour appears to have been bestowed upon the story than was merely sufficient to throw it out of the dry, didactic form. Lucilla is totally uninteresting; so is Mr. Stanley; Dr. Barlow still worse, and Cælebs a mere clod, or dolt. Sir John and Lady Belfield are rather more interesting, and for a very obvious reason, they have some faults, they put us in mind of men and women; they seem to belong to one common nature with ourselves. As we read we seem to think we might act as such people act, and therefore we attend; whereas imitation is hopeless in the more perfect characters which Miss More has set before us; and, therefore they inspire us with very little interest.

There are books, however, of all kinds; and those may not be unwisely planned which set before us very pure models. They are less probable, and therefore less amusing than ordinary stories, but they are more amusing than plain unfabled precept. Sir Charles Grandison is less agreeable than Tom Jones; but it is more agreeable than Sherlock and Tillotson, and teaches morality and religion to many who would not seek it in these professional writers.

But making every allowance for the difficulty of the task which Miss More has prescribed to herself, the book abounds with marks of negligence and want of skill; with representations of life and manners, which are either false or trite.

Temples to friendship and virtue must be totally laid aside, for many years to come, in novels. Mr. Lane, of the Minerva Press, has given them up long since; and we were quite surprised to find such a writer as Miss More buried in moral brick and mortar. Such an idea at first was merely juvenile; the second time a little nauseous, but the ten thousandth time it is quite intolerable. Cælebs, upon his first arrival in London, dines out, meets with a bad dinner, supposes the

cause of that bad dinner to be the erudition of the ladies of the house, talks to them upon learned subjects, and finds them as dull and ignorant as if they had piqued themselves upon all the mysteries of housewifery. We humbly submit to Miss More, that this is not humorous, but strained and unnatural. Philippics against *frugivorous* children after dinnner are too common. Lady Milbury has been introduced into every novel for these four years last past. Peace to her ashes!

The characters in this novel, which evince the greatest skill, are unquestionably those of Mrs. Ranby and her daughters. There are some scenes in this part of the book extremely well painted, and which evince that Miss More could amuse, in no common degree, if amusement was her object.

The great object kept in view throughout the whole, is the enforcement of religious principle, and the condemnation of a life lavished in dissipation and fashionable amusement. In the pursuit of this object, it appears to us that Miss More is much too severe upon the ordinary amusements of mankind, many of which she does not object to in this, or that degree; but altogether. Cælebs and Lucilla, her *optimus* and *optima*, never dance, and never go to the play. They not only stay away from the comedies of Congreve and Farquhar, for which they may easily enough be forgiven, but they never go to see Mrs. Siddons in the Gamester and Jane Shore. The finest exhibition of talent, and the most beautiful moral lessons are interdicted at the theatre. There is something in the word *Playhouse*, which seems so closely connected in the minds of these people with Sin and Satan, that it stands in their vocabulary for every species of abomination. And yet why? Where is every feeling more roused in favour of virtue, than at a good play? Where is goodness so feelingly, so enthusiastically learnt? What so solemn as to see the excellent passions of the human heart called forth by a great actor, animated by a great poet? To hear Siddons repeat what Shakspeare wrote! To behold the child and his mother, the noble and the poor, the monarch and his subjects, all ages and all ranks convulsed with one common passion, wrung with one common anguish, and with loud sobs and cries doing involuntary homage to the God who made their hearts. What wretched infatuation to interdict such amusements as these. What a blessing that mankind can be allured from sensual gratification and find relaxation and pleasure in such pursuits. But the excellent Mr. Stanley is uniformly paltry and narrow, always trembling at the idea of being entertained, and thinking no Christian safe who is not dull. As to the spectacles of impropriety which are sometimes witnessed in parts of the theatre, such reasons apply in a much stronger degree, to not driving along the Strand, or any of the great public streets of London after

dark; and if the virtue of well-educated young persons is made of such very frail materials, their best resource is a nunnery at once. It is a very bad rule, however, never to quit the house for fear of catching cold. Miss More practically extends the same doctrine to cards and assemblies. No cards—because cards are employed in gaming; no assemblies—because many dissipated persons pass their lives in assemblies. Carry this but a little further and we must say, no wine, because of drunkenness; no meat, because of gluttony; no use that there may be no abuse. The fact is, that Mr. Stanley wants not only to be religious, but to be at the head of the religious. These little abstinences are the cockades by which the party are known—the rallying points for the evangelical faction. So natural is the love of power, that it sometimes becomes the influencing motive with the sincere advocates of this blessed religion, whose very characteristic excellence is the humility which it inculcates.

We observe that Miss More in one part of her work, falls into the common error about dress. She first blames ladies for exposing their persons in the present style of dress; and then says, if they knew their own interest, if they were aware how *much more alluring they were* to men, when their charms are less displayed, they would make the desired alteration from motives *merely selfish*.

"Oh! if women in general knew what was their *true interest*, if they could guess with what a charm even the *appearance* of modesty invests its possessor, they would dress *decorously* from mere *self-love*, if not from *principle*. The designing would assume modesty as *an artifice*; the coquet would adopt it as an allurement; the pure, as her appropriate attraction, and the voluptuous as the most infallible art of seduction."

If there be any truth in this passage, nudity becomes a virtue; and no decent woman, for the future, can be seen in garments.

We have a few more of Miss More's opinions to notice. It is not fair to attack the religion of the times, because, in large and indiscriminate parties, religion does not become the subject of conversation. Conversation must, and ought to grow out of materials on which men can agree, not upon subjects which try the passions. But this good lady wants to see men chatting together upon the Pelagian heresy, to hear, in the afternoon, the theological rumours of the day, and to glean polemical tittle-tattle at a tea-table rout. All the disciples of this school uniformly fall into the same mistake. They are perpetually calling upon their votaries for religious thoughts, and religious conversation in every thing; inviting them to ride, walk, row, wrestle, and dine out religiously; forgetting that the being to whom this impossible purity is recommended, is a being compelled to scramble for his existence and sup-

port for ten hours out of the sixteen he is awake; forgetting that he must dig, beg, read, think, move, pay, receive, praise, scold, command, and obey; forgetting also that if men conversed as often upon religious subjects as they do upon the ordinary occurrences of the world, that they would converse upon them with the same familiarity and want of respect—that religion would then produce feelings not more solemn or exalted than any other topics, which constitute at present the common furniture of human understandings.

We are glad to find in these volumes some strong compliments to the efficacy of works, some distinct admissions that it is necessary to be honest and just, before we can be considered as religious. Such sort of conclusions are very gratifying to us, but how will they be received by the children of the Tabernacle. It is quite clear, indeed, throughout the whole of the work, that an apologetical explanation of certain religious principles is intended, and there is a considerable abatement of that tone of insolence with which the improved Christians are apt to treat the bungling specimens of piety to be met with in the more ancient churches.

So much for the extravagances of Miss More. With equal sincerity and with greater pleasure we bear testimony to her talents, her good sense, and her real piety. There occurs every now and then in her productions very original and very profound observations. Her advice is very often characterized by the most amiable good sense, and conveyed in the most brilliant and captivating style. If, instead of belonging to a trumpery gospel faction, she had only watched over those great points of religion in which the hearts of every sect of Christians are interested, she would have been one of the most useful and valuable writers of the day. As it is, every man would wish his wife and children to read *Cælebs;* watching himself its effects, and separating the piety from the puerility.

ORIGINAL POETRY—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE FORESTERS;

A POEM:

Descriptive of a Pedestrian Journey to the Falls of Niagara, In the Autumn of 1803.

By the Author of American Ornithology.

(*Continued from page* 147.)

HERE, in deep glens, we groves of shellbarks found,
And brought their thousands rattling to the ground.
Here clustering grapes on bending saplings grew,
And down the loaded vines we labouring drew;
The luscious fruit our vigorous toil repaid,
And Bacchus' honours crown'd us in the shade.
Now Keeler's Ferry heartily we hail,
And o'er the clear expanse serenely sail;
High up th' adjacent banks again we go,
The lessen'd river winding deep below;
Here rocky masses from the cliffs we tore,
And down the mountain made them bounding roar
Through tops of crashing pines, with whistling sound,
Dashing the thundering waves in foam around.
Now night drew on, dull owls began to scream,
We cross'd Tunkhannoc's slow and silent stream;
Lodg'd at a famish'd inn that near it stood,
Of all things destitute save fire and wood;
Old Squares, the owner, indolent and poor,
His house unshingled and without a door;
No meat, or drink, or bread, or liquor there,
As Afric's wilds of every comfort bare;
But Duncan's load across his cudgel cast,
Fruits, birds, and beasts, bespeak a rich repast;
While Leech's knapsac loaves of bread supplied,
And mine a cordial for the heart beside;
So, sans delay, all hands at once begin,
Some pick the pheasants, some the squirrels skin,
Soon o'er the fire our crackling nostrums brawl,
And soon, like hungry wolves, to work we fall,
Hew down the wheaten loaf, o'er whose thick side
The ample sheets of yellow butter glide,

While piles of bones, like polish'd ivory, rise,
And the starv'd boors look on with wild surprise.
Such blessed comforts health and hunger bring,
The hunter feasts more nobly than the king,
Whose sated appetite, by luxury cloy'd,
Even richest sauces satiate unenjoy'd.
The table clear'd, our journal we survey,
And minute down the wanderings of the day;
For fresh materials at our host inquire,
Who broil'd his brawny limbs before the fire.
"What Township's this, old daddy?" Why—hm—well;
Township? The dickens, sir, if I can tell;
Its Pennsylvania though. Right, daddy Squares.
"Who are your nearest neighbours?" *Why, the bears.*
"No mill or school-house near you?" *Yes, we've one;*
Beyond the church a piece, on Panther's Run.
"Is church far distant, daddy?" *Why—hm—no;*
Down Susquehanna, twenty miles or so.
"You go to preaching, then?" *Besure; that's clear;*
We go to mill and meeting twice a year.
"No curiosities about?" *Why—yes,*
You've brought a few of them yourselves, I guess.
"What, dollars?" *Aye, and fippenybits I swear*
Are downright rareties among us here.
Thus pass'd the evening till the time of bed,
When to a kennel we at last were led;
There, slumbering, shivered till the dawn of day,
Then curs'd this scurvy cave and march'd away.
Before us now in huge extension rise
Dark wood-clad mountains of enormous size;
Surrounding fogs their towering summits hide,
And sailing clouds, in silent grandeur, glide
Around their airy cliffs. These we survey
As dull forebodings of a cheerless day.
Up steeps immense with labouring steps we bend,
Then down in hollow gulfs for miles descend,
Buried in depth of woods, obscure and dark,
Where pheasants drum, and angry squirrels bark;
With these (though rain in streaming torrents pour'd)
Our pilot's pack abundantly we stor'd;
And when, at length, the driving tempest clear'd,
And through the woods a distant hut appeared,

There, though the sour inhospitable clown
Returned our smiles with many a surly frown,
Compelled by Hunger, that imperious lord,
We cooked our game, and shar'd our little hoard;
And left the savage boor, whose looks convey'd
Dark hate and murder every move they made.
Still through rude wilds with silent steps we steer,
Intent on game, all eager eye and ear;
Each opening turn, each dark recess survey,
Each mouldering heap that round tumultuous lay;
As o'er those Alpine steeps we slowly past;
But all was silent, solitary, vast!
No sound of distant farm assail'd the ear;
No rising smoke; no opening fields appear;
But each high summit gain'd, the eye was shown
Hills pil'd on hills in dreary prospect thrown.
So, from the mast, when boisterous tempests roar,
And the tost vessel labours far from shore,
The toil-worn sailor all around him spies
One sea of mountains mingling with the skies.
At length with vast descent we winding go;
And see the river gliding deep below;
And up the vale, suspended o'er the path,
A signboard waving o'er the hut beneath;
The straggling characters, with soot portrayed,
Defy'd a while all efforts that we made;
At length we spelt this precious piece of lore,
Pat Dougherty's Hotel and Drygood store.
Blest tidings! welcome to the wandering wight,
As shelter'd harbours in a stormy night;
And thou, sweet Muse! in lofty numbers tell
The matchless comforts of this log hotel.
Here streams of smoke the entering stranger greet;
Here man and beast with equal honours meet;
The cow loud bawling fills the spatter'd door;
The sow and pigs grunt social round the floor;
Dogs, cats, and ducks in mingling groups appear,
And all that Filth can boast of riots here.
Happy the hungry souls who hither speed!
Here, like cameleons, they may freely feed;
Here champ, with vigorous jaws, the empty air;
Without a bottom find one broken chair;

On dirty benches snore the night away,
And rise like thieves upon their judgment day.
Ye threadbare pilgrims! halt as ye pass by,
This gorgeous store will all your wants supply;
Three long tobacco-pipes the shelf adorns;
Two rusty penknives fit to *saw* your corns;
One rag of calico in musty folds;
A stick of liquorice-ball for coughs and colds;
And one half keg of brandy, glorious cheer!
Arrives from Philadelphia once a year.
What boundless wealth! what can they wish for more
Who such a tavern meet, and such a store?
To crown the whole—defil'd from ear to ear,
Behold the majesty of clouts appear!
The ragged lord of all this costly scene,
Whose hands and face old ocean scarce could clean;
Whose sunburnt legs and arms and shoulders bore
What once was *coat* and *trowsers*—such no more!
But shapeless fragments, gash'd with holes profound,
And rag-form'd fringes dangling all around.
Bent o'er a tub that once tobacco knew,
And still from whence the dear effluvia flew,
Pat grumbling stood; and while he eager view'd
Each nook and seam, the scanty gleanings chew'd;
His busy mouth such savoury joys exprest
That scarce our stifled laughter we supprest.
On this foul mass of misery as we gaz'd,
The man of rags his brandy loudly prais'd;
Leech sought the door, disgusted with the scene,
And Duncan follow'd, grasping hard his cane;
Our bard, alone, with pleasure in his face,
Silent surveyed the wonders of the place,
In whose vile groups he but a *picture* saw,
That all might marvel at; but few could draw.
Though long and rough the road before us rose,
And toil and evening urged us to repose,
Yet were the forest glooms at once prefer'd
To this vile Hottentot's most beastly herd.
So thence, up towering steeps again we scale,
And trace the depths of many a darksome vale;
While oft some oak's huge, antiquated form,
That through long ages had defy'd the storm;

Whose hollow trunk had lodg'd the skulking bear,
While owls and possums found concealment there,
Rose, like the ruins of some reverend pile,
While moss and lichens its hoar arms defile;
Great in distress it mouldering drops away,
Time's mournful monitor of life's decay.
Night's shades at last descend—the stars appear—
Dull barking dogs proclaim the village near;
Soon Wihaloosing round us we survey,
And finish'd here the labours of the day.
The inn was silent, not a mortal there,
Before the fire each plants his crazy chair,
When slow down stairs a cautious step was heard,
And Job, the landlord, soberly appear'd;
Begg'd our excuse—bewail'd his luckless lot,
Wife in the straw, and every thing forgot;
So finding honest Job so hard bestead,
We skinned our squirrels, supp'd, and went to bed.
The morning dawn'd, again we took the road,
Each musquet shoulder'd o'er the lighten'd load,
Through Wihaloosing's plains we gayly pass,
Midst matted fields of rank luxuriant grass.
Here Nature bounteous to excess has been;
Yet loitering hunters scarce a living glean;
Blest with a soil, that even in winter gay,
Would all their toils a hundred fold repay,
Few cultur'd fields of yellow grain appear;
Rich fenceless pastures, rot unheeded here.
Huge from the vale the towering walnuts grow,
And wave o'er wretched huts that lie below.
No blossom'd orchards scent their opening May;
No bleating flocks upon their pastures play;
The wolves, say they, would soon our flocks destroy;
And planting orchards is a poor employ.
The hungry traveller, dining on this plain,
May ask for fowls, and wish for eggs in vain;
And while he dines upon a flitch of bear,
To wolves and foxes leave more gentle fare.
Now down through hoary woods we scour along,
Rousing the echoes with our jovial song,
Through paths where late the skulking Indian trod,
Smear'd with the infant's and the mother's blood.
Their haunts no more; far to the setting day
In western woods their prowling parties stray,

Where vast Superior laves his drifted shores;
Or loud Niagara's thundering torrent roars;
Gaul's exil'd royalists, a pensive train,
Here raise the hut and clear the rough domain;
The wayworn pilgrim to their fires receive,
Supply his wants; but at his tidings grieve;
Afflicting news! forever on the wing,
A ruined country and a murdered king!
Peace to their lone retreats, while sheltered here;
May these deep shades to them be doubly dear;
And Power's proud worshippers, wherever placed,
Who saw such grandeur ruined and defaced,
By deeds of virtue to themselves secure
Those inborn joys, that, spite of kings, endure,
Though thrones and states from their foundations part;
The precious balsam of a *blameless heart.*

(*To be continued.*)

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

IT having been remarked and regretted by the admirers of the justly celebrated poet Collins, that in his highly finished *Ode on the Passions*, he had omitted to personify LOVE, the following supplementary stanza was offered by the Rev. Mr. Pentecross, Rector of Walingford. As it has never yet appeared in print, I present it to you for The Port Folio.

Another sweetly palid maid was there;
Of downcast, melting eye;
Her head alternate o'er each shoulder laid,
Her bosom orb'd with many a deep-drawn sigh;
LOVE was her name.
She touch'd the strings,
But thought the while, on other things;
And, desultory as she played,
"Dear sweetest swain!" full oft she said,
"Dear sweetest swain for whom I pine,
"Would mine thou wert, and I was thine!"
She started, sighed, and talked alone;
And ever as she said
"Dear sweetest swain!"
Her looks were motionless as stone.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE TEAR.

I talk'd of the woes of the days that are past—
Of afflictions and trials severe;
How the May morn of life was with storms overcast,
How the blossoms of hope were all nipt by the blast,
And Beauty sat list'ning to hear.

Of hardships and dangers and many a wrong,
And of toils which beset me so near,
Of Treachery's snare and Ingratitude's tongue
I told;—and 'twas pleasant the tale to prolong—
For Beauty repaid with a tear.

Ah! soft form of Beauty that gladdens the soul,
Is aught as thy sympathy dear?—
When thy bright beaming eyes, with benignity roll,
When heaves thy full bosom at Pity's control,
And thy roses are wash'd with a tear.

When dark roll the clouds which o'ershadow our doom,
When toils and when dangers appear—
When the storm threat'ning waves all their terror assume,
Then, the sunbeam of hope breaking bright thro' the gloom,
O Beauty! must shine through a tear.

Yes, Beauty—thy tear that from sympathy flows,
To manhood shall ever be dear;
'Tis the balm of all ill, and the cure of all woes;
And the heart rankling wounds of remembrance shall close,
Which Beauty has wash'd with a tear.

—

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

When lovely Anna was betray'd,
The thought, her bosom could not bear;
She raised her weeping eyes and pray'd;
'O Death! come save me from Despair.

'Nought but the grave's contracted span,
'Its coldest clod upon my breast,
'Can quench this flame for perjur'd man,
'Can cool this burning heart to rest!'

The pray'r was heard, Death mild and meek
Like a sweet dream, came "light as air,"
He breathed life's roses from her cheek,
And gently plac'd his lilies there!

ANECDOTES—FROM THE FRENCH.

A GASCON was vaunting one day that in his travels he had been caressed every where he went, and had *seen* all the great men throughout Europe. Have you *seen* the Dardanelles? says one of the company; Parbleu, says he, I must surely have *seen* them, when I dined with them several times.

—

Henry IV enacted some sumptuary laws, prohibiting the use of gold and jewels in dress—But they were for sometime ineffectual. He passed a supplement to them, which completely answered his purpose. In this last, he exempted from the prohibitions of the former, after one month, all prostitutes and pickpockets. Next day there was not a jewel nor golden ornament to be seen.

—

An ignorant fellow seeing several persons reading with spectacles, went to buy a pair to enable him to read. He tried several, and told the maker, they would not answer—as he could not read with them. Can you read at all? asked the other. No: says he,—if I could, do you think I would be such a fool as to buy spectacles?

—

A Gascon received a very severe flogging with a cudgel, without daring to resist. A few days afterwards he met with a poet who had lampooned him severely. Pardieu, says he, if you ever dare make free with me again, I shall give you a severe cudgelling. You can readily afford to *give* it now, replies the other, as you *received* so large a stock the other day.

NUPTIAL.

MARRIED, at Halifax, N. S. Aug. 22, at the seat of Sir John Wentworth, Bart. RICHARD CUNNINGHAM, Esq. of Windsor, to Miss SARAH ARTHORP MORTON, eldest daughter of the Hon Perez Morton, of Boston, and niece of Lady Wentworth.

MORTUARY.

DIED, on the 9th ult. on his passage from the Havanna, in the twenty-fourth year of his age, MR. WILLIAM ANDREWS, son of THE REV. DR. JOHN ANDREWS, Vice Provost of the University of Pennsylvania.

Blessed with the advantages of a liberal education, and endowed with qualities of the mind, and affections of the heart, active, vigorous, and amiable, he was qualified to render himself highly useful and ornamental to society at large, as well as in the smaller though not less important circles of social and domestic life. He was distinguished for his filial and fraternal affection; and from the uniform correctness of his character, though arrested in the bloom of life, was enabled to meet the summons of Death with tranquillity and resignation.

—— "The man who consecrates his hours,
By vig'rous effort, and an honest aim,
At once he draws the sting of life and death."

YOUNG.

Died, on the 21st inst. at Germantown, Mr. JOHN EDMUND HARWOOD, formerly of the New Theatre. As a comedian, his chaste and inimitable performance will be ever remembered with delight by the admirers of the drama. As a poet, he will hold a distinguished rank among the native genius of the age; and as a man, he will be always recollected with admiration and esteem.

"Where are his flashes of wit now, that were
"Wont to set the table in a roar."

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

THE gentleman, who, greatly to the popularity of this work, sometime since drew what he very modestly denominated *Outlines* of the life of the venerable Penn, will emphatically please many *friends*, in the most liberal latitude of that term, by occasionally employing that literary leisure, which he enjoys, in *sketching* whatever strikes his Fancy, and has the sanction of his Judgment.

G. W. F., who with the science of a philosopher, the prudence of a physician, and the pen of a scholar, favoured us, during the *Spring time*, with an Essay on the use and nature of Wine, is assured that his future communications will be highly acceptable at any season. This agreeable author is certainly not without inspiration, whether his beverage be wine, or water.

Among the numerous essays we have received, which may be classed among the best productions of our correspondents, we cannot refrain from recommending very strongly to the attention of the reader a translation from the Spanish, with the interesting title of the Literary Republic. This ingenious essay is conveyed to us in the form of a *vision*, which would not have disgraced the genius of a QUEVEDO. The translator, who is fully adequate to this, or any other task, in the walks of Polite Literature, will render an essential service to mere English readers, by continuing her researches among the elegant authors of Spain, and conveying to us their sterling sense in her own easy expression. Nothing can be more deplorably stupid than the *vulgar* idea which has been cherished respecting the character and habits of the modern Spaniards. From simple or prejudiced travellers we have heard so much of Castilian jealousy and Castilian laziness, of the insolence of the clergy, and the ignorance of the laity, of inquisitorial horrors, of the broiling Philip and his gridiron Escurial, of the duke of Alva and a *devilled* Dutchman, of lazy monks and roguish nuns, of bad husbandry and bold beggary, that many a sober man, who ought to be ashamed of so preposterous a conclusion, has inferred from the wildest of premises, that literature and the arts, and every high, holy, and honourable sentiment are utterly extinguished in that glorious country, which has been governed by the councils of a XIMENES, extended by the adventure of Columbus, defended by the Toledo of Castile, and illuminated by the genius of CERVANTES. Nothing is more common than to listen to very sturdy declamations against the state of letters in Spain, and nothing can be more atrociously false, than these *unfounded* invectives. The fact is, that Learning has her temples in Spain, as

well as in Scotland. Literary societies and men of genius are more numerous than ever. Publications of uncommon merit are constantly issuing from the presses in all the cities of Spain. Salamanca sends forth her scholars with all the learning of their predecessors, and ten thousand times more of their liberality. Sentiments truly *catholic* pervade the kingdom. The fine and useful arts are sedulously cultivated; and Knowledge, the sage, and Genius the magician, wave triumphantly their wands over an ingenious, an inquisitive, and inventive nation. This vindication of the character of a *calumniated* country is not a spontaneous burst of feeling, in consequence of her interesting attitude at this eventful epoch: no, it is the deliberate opinion of years. The writer of this article has repeatedly indicated to his countrymen the pure *well springs* of that Honour, which the noble-minded Castilian prizes as an inheritance; and of that literature, which he so often adorns by his example. The topics of common calumny have become perfectly stale. There is as much jealousy in Philadelphia or Boston as in either of the two Castiles. An Arragonian is not more ignorant than a Vermonter. In the vale of Valencia, agriculture is as green and gay as in the county of *Bucks*, and the mountains of Leon, and the expanse of Estremadura are covered with as white *sheep*, as any to be found in the commonwealth of Pennsylvania. The monk and the nun are as innocent as the nymphs and swains of primitive Plymouth, or pastoral Newhampshire. The Escurial, though it may look like a gridiron, has, at present, none of its other properties, and the genius of Philip II no longer presides over the Spanish monarchy.

As at the present juncture, men are peculiarly solicitous about every thing respecting Spain, we feel an extreme desire to make this country better acquainted with the other. We do not mingle in their political strife, but we wish to be applauding spectators of their race on the courses of Literature. Their noble language, an idiom incomparably superior to that of two of their nearest neighbours, an idiom which oftentimes for dignity, energy, and magnificence challenges a comparison with the purest dialects of Greece and England, is a rich exchequer, whence Industry directed by Discernment, and accompanied by Taste, may draw at pleasure bullion more bright than that of Mexico, and coinage of a better impress, than any that mints can give.

A series of highly interesting letters, that passed between Voltaire and D'Alembert on the subject of Shakspeare, though long on our files, have not, on our part, been wilfully neglected. But we have looked, at present, in vain for some authorities and documents, necessary to the defence of the first of dramatic authors.

The Biographer of the late Dr. E. L. M'Call is doubtless in possession of many interesting facts and anecdotes, respecting other members of the medical choir. To these materials, whether massy, or the mere scantlings of information he can give a pleasing and durable shape, and we hope that he will become a willing workman.

We very cordially applaud both the plan and the execution of the MONITOR. The design is obviously useful, and we sincerely hope that many of the valuable hints and judicious observations of a man of business and experience will be attentively regarded by that public for whose benefit they are patriotically intended. Even to men much older and more prudent than Telemachus, a Mentor and a *Monitor* are admirable guides.

The INQUIRER, No. I, which was published in our Miscellany for June, we hope will be resumed and regularly continued. On a thousand questions, pertinent to literature and life, *clouds* and *darkness* often dwell, and whatever contributes to disperse them is entitled to the attention of the scholar, and the man of the world. We hope that our author's doubts, candidly stated, and queries, distinctly proposed, will always obtain a satisfactory solution and a direct answer.

The price of The Port Folio is six dollars per annum.

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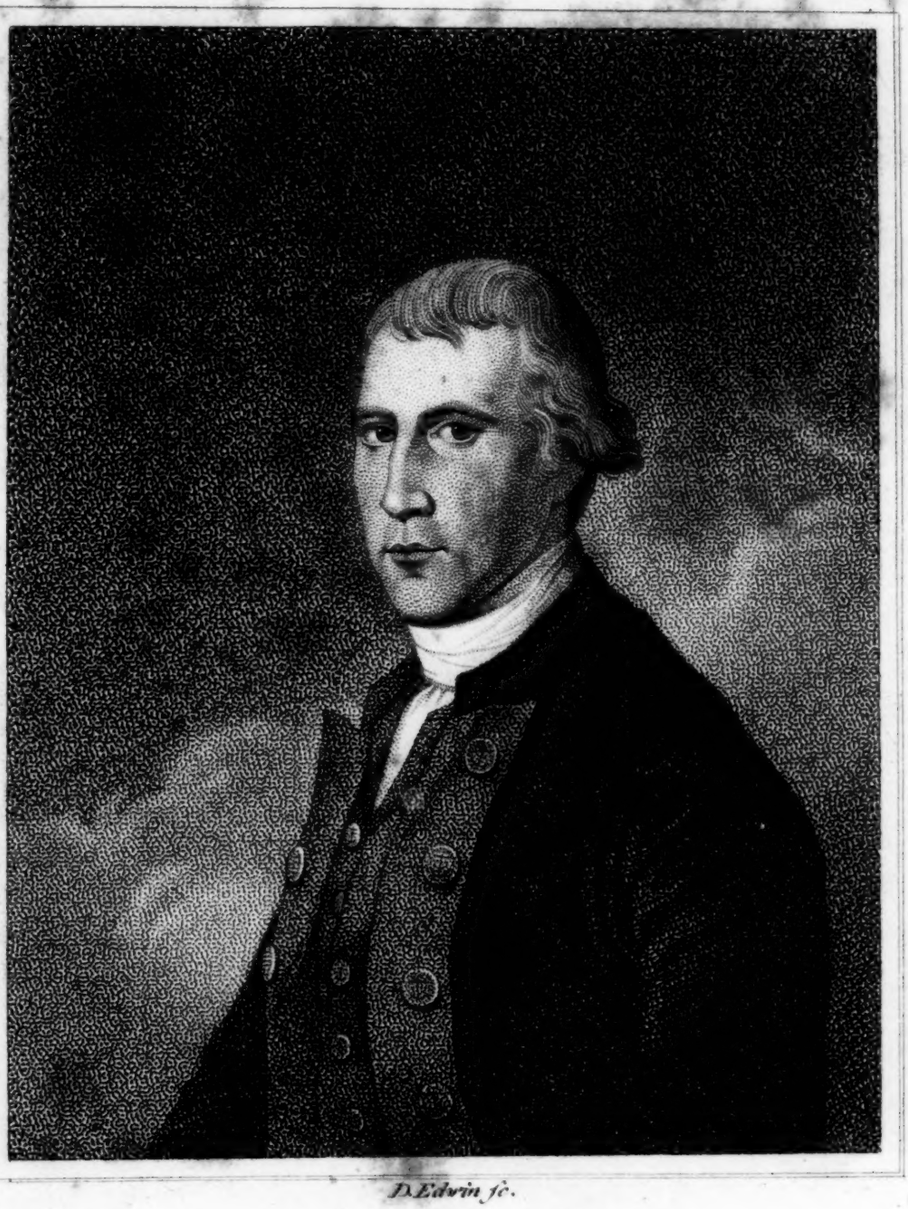

D. Edwin sc.

CAPT. NICHOLAS BIDDLE.